

Library of
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY



BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857.

NO. 8.

CONTENTS OF No. 8.

- Page 1 & 2. "ELINOR PRESTON; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad." By Mrs. J. Sadlier. KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST—Captain Henry Copinger, Lieutenant Bryan Mac Manus, Captain Daniel O'Donoghue. FILLIBUSTER GRATITUDE TO THE COSTA RICANS.
- Page 3. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL, by J. O'N. DRUM, Esq. CULTIVATION OF BUCKWHEAT. How to set Cabbage Plants. Emigration to the United States through Canada, &c.
- Pages 4 & 5. LATEST IRISH NEWS. THE INDIAN REBELLION, &c. ENGLISH, SCOTCH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE.
- " 6 & 7. FOREIGN AND HOME MISCELLANY.
- " 8 & 9. BAYARD TAYLOR ON MORALITY IN SWEDEN. THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FILLIBUSTERS. GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTREAL. THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF MONTREAL. BALLS AND EXCURSIONS. CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SCHOOLS, PAWTUCKET.
- " 10 & 11. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, COMMENCEMENT. Annual Commencement at Loyola College, Baltimore. Commencement at St. Joseph's College, Bardonia, Ky. DEATH OF A FAMOUS PARIS CHARLANT. LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND, by Mrs. J. Sadlier—St. Columbanus and Queen Brigid.
- Page 12. OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE. CONFIRMATION AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MILLTOWN. NEW BRIDGEWICK. THE PRESS OF GERALD GRIFITH'S WORKS.
- " 13. CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE—Foreign and Domestic. Calling out the Military. CITY NEWS.
- " 14. Hints to Farmers. New York Markets.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

ELINOR PRESTON; OR, SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

All this talking was very unusual with me, but somehow it seemed to devolve on me: Arthur had never given much attention to the history of his country, or the local history of his native city, and Maria, though tolerably well informed on most subjects, had little or no taste for archaeological or antiquarian lore. So there were the Brothers Fitzmaurice to be enlightened—wanting to know all about every thing, and there were national monuments which I highly prized, crying out to me in their own mute eloquence to do them justice, so talk I must and did.

Leaving Christ Church, we sent the carriage on before, and proceeded on foot through the ancient street, which bears the name of our national patroness, the great St. Bride, to the venerable Church of St. Patrick, said to be founded by the Saint himself. Like some brilliant gem gleaming out through the dusty rubbish of an "old curiosity-shop," stands the beautiful old Cathedral, closely surrounded by, and as it were choked up amongst buildings of a mean and very ordinary description, many of them bearing the marks of very respectable antiquity, but with little else to recommend them. But St. Patrick's itself, both without and within, is a rare specimen of the graceful Gothic, in perhaps its purest period, the twelfth or thirteenth century. There are few buildings in Ireland, or perhaps any other country, to exceed St. Patrick's, whether in artistic excellence, or historic interest. Many a Saint officiated at its altars—when altars it had—and in the van of the shadowy host rising before us are the venerable figures of St. Patrick, and St. Lawrence O'Toole, great patriarchs of our race. Passing on down to modern times we perceive "the witty Dean," whose name is honorably identified with that of St. Patrick's—the immortal Swift, whose mortal remains rest within the walls of the church where he so often officiated. Near him sleeps the Hester Johnson, known all the world over as the Stella, who was his inspiration.

Their monuments are plain marble tablets placed against two adjoining pillars in the nave. Here, too, lies the body of Duke Schomberg, mouldered into dust, and yonder slab of black marble set in the wall commemorates the notable fact.

It was a breezy day in early summer, a day of cloud and sunshine, and the sunbeams shooting through the grand old windows, glanced and gleamed, and danced like elfin spirits through the deserted aisles and over the ancient tombs. The wind, too, came rushing in at intervals gently uplifting the gauze veil from off my bonnet, giving a sportive shake to Maria's long ringlets, and then, by the way of *finale*, sweeping along the arched roof, making such a rustling up there amongst the heavy folds of the ancient banners* that the Brothers Fitzmaurice simultaneously started more than once, and looked up alarmed, probably believing that some of the shadows of the place were suddenly startling into life.

Having at last seen all that was to be seen, we took our leave of the old Cathedral, Maria and I, as we whispered to each other in the aisle, both impressed with the sad fate which had given these treasures of Catholic art into the hands of strangers. Arthur thinking that, after all, the dark ages weren't so very dark as people take the liberty of calling them, and the Brothers Fitzmaurice full of simple wonder as men could be. The burthen of their thoughts may be inferred from what Arthur overheard Mr. Henry say to Mr. John, while the rest of us were considering where we should go next: "I say, John, wouldn't she be better than a book of winter nights by the fireside—why, if we had her, it would be just the same as a peep-show—only hearing instead of seeing." To which John, it appears, gave a cordial assent. Good simple souls these Tralee merchants, but I fancy rather farther behind the age than Tralee merchants are now. By the time we had seen all the usual sights, Maria and myself were about tired, though we had on the whole a pleasant afternoon of it. There was a freshness of originality about the worthy Kerry men that was quite charming, and then to hear Arthur how glowingly he descanted on the eloquence of Curran, and Flood, and Grattan, while doing the honors of the ancient Parliament-House, now alas! known as the Bank of Ireland—*sic transit gloria mundi*. Maria and I smiled at each other as we listened to his explanations, as memory brought back the time—only a few years back—when he would have sneered, or affected to sneer, at the name and fame of even those great luminaries of the political hemisphere of Ireland. Our country friends were evidently more at home on this subject. They had read of the great orators of their country and were honestly proud of their fame. They had been subscribers to the *Nation* from its very commencement, and were rather inclined to take sides with the Young Ireland party—not that they were prepared to give up the moral force doctrine, for they were still ardent admirers of O'Connell—spoke of him as the Liberator, although that term was now tacitly dropped—the star of the great leader being well nigh set. So the Brothers Fitzmaurice stood as it were midway between the Old and Young Irishmen, with a hand extended lovingly to each. "Pray, Mr. Dillon," said the elder brother, as we stepped out into the grand portico of the Bank of Ireland, fronting on Westmoreland street, "pray, Mr. Dillon! which of these six is the pillar against which Curran was found leaning at the moment when the unfortunate Act of Union was being passed within?"

* "The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick hang at a considerable elevation over the arches of the nave, and would have a very pleasing effect, but for the melancholy appearance of decay, which the whole of this portion of the venerable edifice presents."—*Dublin*, by W. F. WAKEMAN.

Arthur looked surprised, and not a little embarrassed. He had never heard of this incident, and yet did not like to say so.

"I really cannot tell," he said; "I believe tradition has not pointed out which particular pillar it was."

"Well! the incident has always struck me as most affecting—you know it, of course, Miss Preston?" Miss Preston did not, unluckily.

"Well! it seems that on that fatal day of the year 1800, which sealed the political doom—and, I might add, annihilated the nationality of Ireland—unless, indeed, the glorious revival of our era may restore it to life—which is not, at all, improbable—as I was saying, ladies, on that fatal day somebody, whose name I forget—my memory is none of the best at times—found the great little counsellor leaning against one of these pillars—I'm really sorry not to know which of them it is—with a countenance so woe-begone, and, in fact, so dull and stupid, that he was really alarmed, and, taking him by the arm, asked what was the matter. Whereupon poor Curran told him, but not till he had repeated the question more than once, that there was quite enough the matter, for that the national existence of Ireland was being sold away in-doors, and," said poor Curran, "I couldn't stand it—I couldn't wait to see that treasonable Act passed! I don't pretend to say it in his own words, but that's the substance of it. Ah! John Philpot Curran!" apostrophized the worthy Kerry man, as he wiped away a tear that made me forgive all his tedious circumlocution, "John Philpot Curran! it's low your grave is this day in Prospect Cemetery, but high is your place in the heart of Ireland, for it's you had the great tongue and the great head, and it's you was the patriot all out."

"Is it Curran, your honor!" interrupted an old-fashioned little urchin, whose garments were in a sad state of dilapidation, especially about the knees and elbows; "is it Curran, your honor!—ah! then, sure enough he was the broth of a boy, and if you want to know which pillar it was, sir, sure I'm the boy that knows it as well as any other in Dublin City. There it is, your honor!" pointing, or rather laying his finger on the one just before him—"that's it, sir!—that's the one Curran leaned agin' when he tuk that weakness—pity the friend you were talkin' of, sir, hadn't a drop of *Kinahan's malt* in his pocket—it 'ld bring him round in no time. You wouldn't have e'er a sixpence or a shillin' about you, sir!—my mother's very bad with the windy cholic, sir, an' there's six of us in it, an' we haven't a rap to bless ourselves with—"

"Poor boy! poor boy!" broke simultaneously from the wonder-parted lips of Fitzmaurice Brothers, as they each dropped a shilling in the outstretched palm. For us, we could hardly keep from laughing, for the youngster, as we passed him descending the steps, evidently knowing us citizens from our country friends, said, with a leer of most mature cunning: "I wonder, old boys! does your mother know you're out?"

"I say, Ned!" cried another juvenile loiterer from a lower step, "you took them to the fair nicely—didn't you?—what did you know about the pillar?"

"Why, not much, to be sure," returned Ned with dignified candor, "but none of them knew any more than I did, an' why wouldn't I make an honest penny out of the Kerry men. It's all for my poor mother, you know, that's so bad with the windy cholic!" and then both raised such a laugh that Fitzmaurice Brothers turned their heads, whereupon the giggish young shark who had been preying on their simple kindness, placed his finger on his nose, and with his two hands made that rapid gesture meant to express plainer than words

could the flattering sentiment: "You're sold,—aren't you?"

"Well! well!" said Mr. Henry, while Mr. John shook his head in accordance with his brother's dictum: "Well! well! I often heard of the Dublin jackeens, but that chap beat 'em all! He looks as if he was his own grandfather!"

Arthur assured them, for their comfort, that they had seen nothing of the jackeens yet whereupon they held up their hands in simple wonder.

This little incident gave us a good laugh at the expense of our worthy friends, they themselves laughing as heartily as any of us, and our whole party were in the best of humor when the carriage stopped at Mr. Dillon's door in Adelaide Place, Upper Baginbun street.

The old lady met us at the door in full feather, viz.: a copper-colored satin dress, the richest of old-fashioned lace, in the shape of a collar which almost covered her ample shoulders, fastened with a brooch which might have formed part of the regalia of some native prince in the old, old times. The good lady's head-dress was rather of the fly-away character, and with its broad streamers of handsome gauze ribbon, looked as though it might take wing any moment. The fine, fresh-colored and somewhat chubby face within it was, at the moment, in a state of commotion, and her salutation was, I am sorry to say, more characteristic than polite:

"What in the world kept you so long?—why, you might have been ten times round the city since!—for goodness sake girls! do go up and take off your things,—don't wait to dress any more, for the people are tired waiting!—you'll do well enough as you are! Arthur, will you just take the two Mr. Fitzmaurices up to the drawing-room. Hurry now—for I'm ashamed of my life!"

We were none of us over and above pleased to be thus coerced into using dispatch, and we of the feminine gender grumbled a little about the awkwardness of appearing "just as we were," but when we once got the length of the drawing-room, our anticipated embarrassment quickly vanished, for the party assembled, consisting of six or eight, were all old friends, and none but "the old familiar faces" (as kind Charles Lamb says) met our view. So there was no credit in being jolly, under their circumstances, as honest Mark Tapley would say, and by the time we had shaken hands with the company all round, everybody was talking to everybody, and as nobody was in full dress, Maria and I were quite satisfied with our own for dress is, after all, but a secondary consideration amongst really well-bred people, and those who can appreciate the charm of really good society, are precisely those who will anywhere trouble themselves least about the outward adornment of "the mortal coil" which encases the bright, cheerful, happy spirit. We had a delightful evening of it—tea and coffee handed round by the gentlemen, one or two of whom had the special privilege of assisting Mrs. Dillon who presided at the table, placed in the centre of the room. It was an old joke, a stanking joke, that of "keeping the ladies in hot water," but when brought out then with much humor by young Barrett, the self-appointed *aid-de-camp*, as she said of Mrs. Dillon, it was as well received as though heard then and there for the first time. O'Shaughnessy was there in a "bran new suit" of his favorite snuff-color, and with him my brother George, then a very handsome young man, but looking some five years older, poor fellow! than he really was. It was painful to me to note the change which had come upon him. The fine flow of spirits for which he had been once remarkable, had latterly given place to a subdued and quiet demeanor that was all but melancholy, and the boyish gaiety which had been wont to cheer us

all had fled and left scarce a trace behind. And how inexpressibly dear he was to my lonely heart, that kind, fond brother of whom any sister might be proud. If my poor aunt had lived to see him then with the precious dignity of sorrow ennobling his early manhood, and the light of a cultivated intellect beaming from his dark eye, she would have claimed him proudly as a Preston, though I question whether he did not take his finest traits, both mental and physical from the maternal line. However that might be it is pretty certain that George Preston was regarded with no degree of admiration by more than one Dublin belle, whose parents, I dare say, would have cut them off with a shilling had they dared to acknowledge a *penchant* for the young law-student, the *protégé* of old Shuangh.

During the evening I was honored (dare I say bored?) with the particular attention of Fitzmaurice Brothers, especially the junior partner, who was really quite and most insufferably soft. My supposed archaeological attainments had evidently made a very deep impression on the susceptible heart of Mr. John, and the chord touched therein awoke a full diapason from the kindred organ of Mr. Henry. Once when I made a dart into the adjoining room in order to escape their most unwelcome assiduities, I found Arthur entertaining O'Shaughnessy with the account of that day's adventures, if adventures they might be called, due prominence being given to the part I had played.

"But here she comes," said Arthur, "looking as demure as though she had not hooked a single fish to-day, when she knows right well she has two great fishes or brames—what are they, Elinor?—dangling at her finger-ends." I was just preparing a suitable repartee, when John Fitzmaurice spoke from behind.

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy, we want you out here to make up a rubber—you play whist, don't you?"

"Don't I?—I rather think so, Mr. Fitzmaurice. But I say, I've been having an eye to business here. There's a crim. con. brewing, I fancy, and of course I'm in for it." This was said I afterwards found by way of "diversion" in my favor, the worthy man fearing that the other might have overheard some of the previous *badinage*. Arthur and I looked, as we felt, really astonished, and poor innocent Fitzmaurice blushed like a peony, for no other earthly reason but the steadfast gaze of the immovable old lawyer, fixed pointedly on him.

"Why what do you mean?" said Arthur. "That requires explanation, my good sir—*crim. con.* is rather a serious matter."

"It is, eh?—and you want explanation—just as if you hadn't told me there a minute ago that one of the Brothers Fitzmaurice—the youngest I think it was—had been rather attentive to your wife. Come now, Arthur!—be a man and speak out!"

Arthur was now really embarrassed. The thing was so very absurd—the remark so very unlooked for—that I believe a pistol discharged at his ear would not have startled him more. Still he thought it necessary to say something, as the Kerry man turned his eyes full upon him with no very agreeable expression either.

"I—I—really, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I never dreamed—upon my honor, this is too bad—too ridiculous—"

"Allow me to tell you, Mr. Dillon!" said Fitzmaurice very slowly and with marked emphasis, "that I will not permit any man to introduce my name in such an affair. If you entertained such an idea of—the youngest Fitzmaurice" with an ironical bow—"why admit him to your house this evening? A hint would have been quite sufficient, for we are not so dull of comprehension down in Kerry as your Dubliners may suppose."

He spoke with such energy and in so vehement a tone that it was quite clear how much he was offended. Arthur looked reproachfully at his friend who burst into a hearty laugh, such a laugh as no one could give but himself.

"Well now, really, Mr. Fitzmaurice," said he, "I give you credit for much genuine humor. If you hadn't that you could never enter into the spirit of my joke so well. Give me your hand, man!—if I haven't the prospect of making out a case by your instrumentality, I have made a very pleasant acquaintance. You must dine with me to-morrow."

"Excuse me, sir!" replied Fitzmaurice very stiffly, "if the whole was, as I begin to perceive, a fabrication of your fruitful brain, it is still very offensive to me. I may be a plain, unpolished countryman—if you will—but I always make it a rule never to make a jest of anything

that would be offensive to God. If this gentleman's wife were *not* his wife, you might quiz me about her till midnight and I wouldn't take the least offence, but being his wife, or any other man's wife, I will not be taxed with paying her particular attention. I have neither heart nor eye in her, Mr. Arthur. I do assure you. Marriage is a sacred institution, my worthy sir, and everything sacred must be respected. What think you, Miss Preston?" he asked very suddenly, so suddenly indeed that I started and blushed, the more so as I had been just thinking, "after all, we cannot but respect you—simply as you seem to be."

"Who—I—Mr. Fitzmaurice," I hesitated, and conscious of that, blushed still deeper. "I really don't know, but—but I should think you are quite right. But surely you take the matter in too serious a light—if you knew Mr. O'Shaughnessy as well as we do, you wouldn't mind any thing he says."

"Provided he jest on proper subjects—"

"Poh, poh! man you're forgetting what you came for," said O'Shaughnessy, and rising he laid hold of his arm, "you're what I call the crow's messenger, my fine fellow. Where's this whist-table?—I suppose you're all tired waiting. This lad" looking slyly up at his companions, "rather extensive whiskers," wherein there was a considerable sprinkling of grey, "this lad, I say, saw something within there that attracted his attention—a sort of a rattlesnake, or basilisk, or some other specimen of natural history—ahem!—Elinor, my dear, are you going to join us young people?"

"Do pray excuse me, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I've got to look after that rattlesnake you talk of. It is not safe to leave it at large." And away I went with the old gentleman's merry laugh ringing in my ear.

Whether it was the visit of the Fitzmaurices that put it into Maria's head, or what, I cannot say, but in a few days after their departure, she asked Arthur what would he think of a trip to Killarney. Whatever she pleased, Arthur said—if she liked it, so would he.

"Oh! you dear, obliging creature!—what a pattern husband you are, to be sure—well, then, hey for Killarney—that's the word!—of course, Elinor, you'll come!"

"Of course I will not. I'm going to spend a few weeks at Cabra, and that will be a good opportunity."

"Very well, *ma chère amie*!—you'll deprive me of the trip, that's all, for I'll not go a step without you. But I know very well what's in the wind, my lady!—you're afraid to venture into the kingdom of Kerry for fear of being carried off bodily to Tralee!—"

"Nonsense, Maria!—how you do run on!—but seriously, if you wish me to go—and, after all, I may be useful to you—why, I'm quite willing to go."

"That's my own good girl—now let us go and tell Mamma Dillon—come along both of you, it will take us all to come round her. If we can manage it, she must come too, for it will do her a world of good. If she goes, we can easily persuade father."

It was no easy matter to reconcile the old lady to the projected tour—the expense seemed enormous to her economical eyes, and as to herself, why it would have been just as easy to persuade the Sugar-Loaf mountain to pay a neighborly visit to the Scalp as to induce her to shut up No. 3 Adelaide Place. "She wasn't so mad yet as all that came to," she told us very impressively, "if some people were a little flighty or so, she thanked God she never was that, the youngest day ever she was. If Stephen liked, he might go," she condescended to say, knowing all the time that Stephen would not go unless she went. We next tired our joint eloquence on him, but it was no use—"he couldn't think of going without Margaret, and, after all, it wouldn't be safe, perhaps, for all to leave home. The business and the house were worth attending to." What effect this might have had on Arthur there is no saying, but Maria gave him no time to think. It was nothing but bustle, bustle from morning till night for the next forty-eight hours, and at the end of that time off we three started for Killarney, in company with Mr. O'Shaughnessy—how my heart ached to leave poor George behind, and he looked so longingly after us, too, when we started from the Railroad Depot. Poor fellow! how often did the tears start to my eyes that day when I thought of him going back slowly, slowly and alone to resume his daily labor in that low first-floor office, where he sat all the midday hours through behind his desk, thinking of days gone forever when he, too,

would have been on the road full of excitement and joyous anticipation. I wonder whether he or I felt sadder or loneliest that day, although he was nearly alone, bent up all day, at his cheerless task, and I hurrying on from one new scene to another in company with kind and hearty companions.

(To be continued.)

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN HENRY COPINGER.

This is one of the few families of Danish extraction yet existing in Ireland. Its first settlement was in the county of Cork, where it still continues. In 1535, William Copinger, Mayor of Cork, had a grant of the King's Castle there to him and his future successors in the Mayoralty. In the first Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, Stephen Copinger was one of the Representatives for that city. When, early in the reign of James the First, the East India Company of England meditated a settlement in Munster, for carrying on iron works and building large ships, they purchased for this speculation woods and lands in the barony of Kinallea, and Kerrycurryh, erected a dock, and actually launched two ships. "Yet were they," says Smith, "so disturbed in their undertaking by Walter Copinger and others of the Irishry, that they were forced to quit the country, and abandon the project. Nevertheless, soon afterwards, Walter Copinger had a grant of a castle, with various lands, chiefs, and customs, the lands being erected in two manors, that of Cloghanmore with liberty to impark 1,000 acres, and Kilfinane with like liberty for 600 acres."

Of this name were attained, in 1642, Stephen Copinger of Grange, Thomas Fitz-Walter Copinger of Manacoe, and Richard and Walter of Ringroan, all in the county of Cork. A James Copinger of Cloghan in said county was likewise outlawed; and it was in reference to him and his sequestered estates that the Earl of Anglessey, when in power, wrote to the Sheriff of Cork in a tone of tenderness and commiseration creditable to his memory: "Mr. Sheriff, whereas Mr. James Copinger, upon his claim before His Majesty's Commissioners for putting in execution the Act of Settlement, hath been declared innocent and to be restored to his lands, and hath obtained a decree pursuant therunto; and whereas part of the land is in my possession, I desire, when the decree comes to your hands to be executed, that you will, notwithstanding any interest I have in the said lands, see the same put in execution for so much as I am concerned in." An Ensign John Copinger was on the list of officers recommended for preferment in Lord Tyrconnel's orders of 1686 to Colonel Russel; he does not, however, appear on this list.

In April, 1691, a Captain Copinger was killed in a skirmish with a party of Captain Clayton's Infantry. The attainders of this year include the names of Thomas Copinger of Killentine, with ten others of that name in the county of Cork, and Henry, Matthew, and William Copinger of the city, merchants. This latter individual was the Catholic Sheriff of Cork in King James's time, and fled with his Royal Master to France, where on his death Louis the Fourteenth assigned a foreigner's pension for his widow. The above Captain Henry of this Regiment was his brother, as was also Edward, the Captain who was killed as above in April, 1691. From a family pedigree furnished to the compiler of these notices, it appears that the above Thomas Copinger of Killentine was an elder brother of the three last mentioned, that he married Helen Galway of Lota, and was the lineal ancestor of the present William Copinger of Ballyvolane and Barryscourt, in the county of Cork. At the Court of Claims, Stephen Copinger, as son and heir of said Thomas, claimed a remainder in tail in his estates under marriage settlements of 1676; as did John and Edward Copinger similar remainders under the same deed. These claims were allowed to the extent of the lands comprised in that settlement, which was very considerable. Such property as said Thomas Copinger had in the city of Cork was sold by the Commissioners to Charles Farrington, as were such of his unsettled estates as lay in the county and within the Liberties of the city, to Helen Galway and Abraham Dixon of Cork; while those of the above Walter, and James his son, were similarly conveyed to Edmund Roch of Trabolgan.

From the above Henry Copinger are descended, in the male line, General Joseph Copinger, now in the Spanish service; and Francis Copinger of Monkstown Castle, county of Dublin; as are, in the female line, Christopher Copinger, Chairman of the county of Kildare; and the O'Briens of Kilcor, near Castle Lyons, county of Cork.

LIEUTENANT BRYAN MAC MANUS.

The Mac Manus was Chief of a numerous and influential Clan of Fermanagh. According to the native Annals, they had the command of the shipping in Lough Erne, and held the post of hereditary chief managers of its fisheries under the Maguire. A branch of this family was also located on the borders of the counties Leitrim and Roscommon. The Four Masters record, at 1498, the death of Mac Magnus of Seannad, *i. e.* Cathal Oge, the son of Cathal, son of Cathal, son of Gillpatrick, son of Matthew, &c., a lodjutor Bishop of Clogher for fifteen years before his death, "a patron of learning and art in his own country, chief conservator of the canons, a fountain of charity and mercy to the poor and unprotected of God's

people, a man who brought together many historical books which he compiled for himself—the *Book of Annals of Ballymacmanus*, [better known as the *Annals of Ulster*, published in the splendid collection of the late Dr. Charles O'Connor.] He died of the small-pox on the 10th of the kalends of April, 1498, in the 60th year of his age." The Attainders of 1642 have but one of this name, and far away from the homes of the sept; he is described as Owen Mc Manus of Dunbouke, county of Wicklow. Those of 1691 trace them back to their old ground, but to be again expelled. There were then outlawed Rory Phelimy Mc Manus of Lisnaskea, county of Fermanagh, and Cullen Mc Manus of Tullycool, county of Down. A Colonel Hugh Mc Manus was killed at Aughrim.

CAPTAIN DANIEL O'DONOGHUE.

The O'Donoghues constituted an ancient sept of the county of Cork, from which they were expelled in the twelfth century by the Mc Carrys and O'Mahonys. Thence settling in Kerry, they became possessed of the country round Lough Lene and Killarney, and were distinguished into the O'Donoghue More and the O'Donoghue Ross lines. The Annals of Inisfallen are, as might be expected, very full in notices of this family. They continued to be a powerful sept in Kerry until, in the reign of Elizabeth, taking part with the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, their estates were confiscated and their strength dismembered. In 1605, Theobald Bourke, Baron of Castleconnell, had a grant of Glenflesk, containing twenty-one carucates, "almost all mountain, bog, and unprofitable" part of the estate of Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glinne, "dead in rebellion;" and in 1613, Valentine Brown of Molahiffe had a grant of Onaght-O'Donoghue More, in the county of Desmond, the manor and site of the Castle of Ross-O'Donoghue, the islands of Inisfallen and Mucruss, and sundry other islands therein, with all the waters and fishings to said manor appertaining.

FILLIBUSTER GRATITUDE TO THE COSTA RICANS.

Having subdued the fillibusters by force of arms, the Costa Ricans have proved they can be magnanimous as brave,—as the treatment accorded by them to those fillibusters who have fallen into their hands testify. To do those unfortunates justice, they have sufficient grace left to acknowledge the humanity displayed by those benevolent people in the following card, which we find in a Costa Rican paper:

"We, the undersigned, known as deserters from the forces of Walker, after having become convinced that his cause was an infamous one, and that the basest deception had been practiced upon us in the United States to entrap us into his service, do hereby desire to make known to the world, and especially to the government and people of Costa Rica, our sentiments with regard to the manner in which we have been treated by them since we abandoned the robber who deceived us and threw ourselves upon their generosity."

"Inasmuch as we do not speak the language of the country, and cannot, therefore, hold much intelligible intercourse personally with the people, we take this opportunity of thanking heartily all those citizens of San Jose and elsewhere, for the many acts of individual kindness shown us, and hope they will not think us ungrateful because, at the time, we could not express our thanks in language."

"When we consider the fact that we came into Central America as invaders (unprovoked), and that for a long time we battled fiercely against her people, doing them much wrong and injury, and that since we have been among the Costa Ricans as deserters from Walker we have been treated with all kindness and consideration that old friends could have expected, instead of the fierce inhumanity which we were always told by Walker and his infamous myrmidons, would be perpetrated upon all of us who should fall into their hands, we are filled with sentiments of the deepest gratitude and esteem towards the government and people of Costa Rica—such as language can but poorly express."

"All we can say is, God bless and prosper the President and people of Costa Rica. Never again, under any inducements, shall our hands be raised against either, and when we arrive in our country where the bounty of Costa Rica is soon to send us, our voices shall be raised loud and long in denunciations of the infamy of those who, from interested motives, deceived us into an unprovoked war against a people who have returned the ill we have done them with kindness and compassion, when reduced to want, humiliation and misery by the above mentioned system of infamous duplicity and false representation."

"Again we say, God bless Costa Rica. It is our desire that this feeble expression of our sentiments should be published in every paper in the United States, as a warning on the one hand and advice on the other against future designs upon the lives and welfare of our countrymen, by infamous delusions which can result in nothing but wrong, suffering, humiliation and death."

"There are now in the country around San Jose more than sixty of our friends and comrades employed by the people, and paid much higher wages than they pay their own people. They are all contented and in good condition, and if they were here with us we know they would gladly indorse what we say."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY DUBLIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Purcell O'Gorman a Musician—Incident Illustrative of O'Connell's Popularity—O'Connell's Opinion of Feargus O'Connor—Speculations on War—Was O'Connell a Bigot?—Letter to Archbishop Mac Hale—O'Connell's Reception of a Protestant Member of his Family—The old Orange Corporators—O'Connell and "Forgery M'Ghee"—O'Connell and the Quakers.

ONE day O'Connell amused the Committee with the following bar-mess story—how introduced I do not pretend to recollect. Some wag-gish barrister having accused Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman of being a musician, the charge was stoutly denied by the accused person.

"A Jury," said O'Connell, "was thereupon impanelled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading 'Not guilty' to the indictment for melodious practices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under twelve different aliases—such as 'Con of the Seven Bottles'—'Con of the Seven Throbbles'—'Crim Con'—and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant: 'By virtue of your oath, Mr. O'Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?'—'Never, on my honor!' replied Purcell. 'Come, sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play second fiddle to O'Connell?' The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence, and the unanimous jury accordingly returned a verdict of guilty."

Ray was the ordinary mouth-piece of all matters submitted to O'Connell in committee for his decision or his advice. "Here's an application, Liberator, from Mr. ***** a Presbyterian clergyman, for pecuniary aid to enable him to go on a Repeal mission." "Does any body here support that application, Ray? I will oppose it, because I saw the reverend gentleman as drunk as Bacchus at the dinner at —." "But he is quite reformed, Liberator, and has taken the pledge." "No matter—after such a public exposure of himself, we ought to have nothing to do with him. The case is the worst for his being a clergyman." "Very well, sir. Here's a letter from the Ballinakil Repealers, wanting Mr. Daunt to go down to address a meeting there." "I'm glad of it, I suppose Daunt will have no objection." "Not the least," said I. "And here's a letter from the people of Kells, wanting Mr. John O'Connell to attend their meeting next week." "My son John will go—won't you, John?" "Yes, father." Then write, and tell 'em so." "Counsellor Clements," resumed Ray, "has made an objection to the words 'We pledge ourselves' in the Irish manufacture declaration; he's afraid of their being illegal." "Then alter the passage thus: 'We pledge ourselves as individuals'—if there be any difficulty that will obviate it. What's that large document before you?" "That, sir, is a report sent up by Mr. —; it came by this day's post. He wishes us to print it." "Umph! Let us see what sort of affair it is." Ray then unfolds and peruses the report. When he has done O'Connell exclaims, "What a waste of industry! There is absolutely nothing in that voluminous paper that it would be of the smallest utility to lay before the public." "I think," said I, the last two pages contain a few good facts." "Then print the last two pages and throw away the rest." Some remark being made on the mortification of a disappointed author, O'Connell half-mutters the quizzical compliment paid to a pamphleteer by a wag-gish friend—"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet." "What was it?" cries the author. "A penny bun," says his friend. O'Connell would then apply himself to the dictation of a report, or of answers to letters of importance, until half-past four or five o'clock; the hour at which the Committee usually broke up.*

O'Connell's popularity continued for a greater number of years, and with fewer interruptions from the fickleness of his adherents, than that of any other political leader on record. The unexampled mode in which he swayed the public mind in Ireland has excited the astonishment of those who did not, or who would not, see that even his mighty abilities would have failed to achieve his unparalleled position, if it were not for the national grievances that armed him with more than half his power.

I have sometimes been amused at the whimsical mode in which the popular devotion to him manifested itself. He lived in the hearts of old and young. The very intensity of their attachment occasionally assumed fantastic forms. Travelling between Dublin and Kilkenny, on one of the Repeal excursions, the carriage stopped at some intermediate stage to change horses, and amongst the crowd that immediately collected, a feeble old beggarwoman with a crutch approached quite close to the carriage window, and begged O'Connell might shake hands with her. He instantly complied. The effect of the venerable lady's delight was electric. She actually tossed up her crutch, and cut a spirited caper in the air, exclaiming: "I've touched his honor's hand—I'm young again!"

Another instance of this enthusiastic feeling

*I do not mean to say that the trivial incidents which I have here thrown together from memory, all occurred at the same time. But their juxtaposition gives a very fair and truthful idea of the lively manner in which O'Connell bustled through Committee business.

was afforded by two English ladies, at whose hospitable house he passed some days. They seemed to idolize their guest. Not content with the ordinary cares of hospitality, they never retired to repose without singing a hymn in his praise, to the tune of "God save the King." But the most remarkable specimen of enthusiasm was yet to come. One of his kind hostesses, who had a painful swelled face, one night applied the Liberator's gold-laced travelling cap to the suffering part, in order to try what healing virtue might reside in it! I am unable to record whether the result of this experiment justified the enthusiastic faith of the fair votary.

I have known two English gentlemen cross the Channel, for the sole purpose of seeing so much of O'Connell as they could upon the voyage between Dublin and Liverpool.

Ascending the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognized him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favorite, much to the astonishment of the Sassenach; who, accustomed to the solemn and lugubrious decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for an outburst of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse would have doubtless cheered lustily too, if he could.

One curious illustration of the extent of O'Connell's fame, is the following definition, in Fluegel's "German and English Dictionary" (Leipsic, 1827):

"Agitator, *n.* an agitator—D. O'Connell especially."

In Scotland, he found many admirers. Among the most distinguished of these was the celebrated Chalmers. Differing widely in politics and in religion from O'Connell, Chalmers yet cordially admitted his great qualities; observing, to a foreigner, "He is a noble fellow, with the gullant and kindly, as well as the wily genius of Ireland."

On Mr. Fitzpatrick's visiting London, in 1843, one of the *habitués* of the Stock Exchange said to him: "Your Daniel O'Connell, so far as the money market is concerned, is one of the Great Powers of Europe. His movements have a sensible effect upon the funds."

In the month of May, 1840, Feargus O'Connor was imprisoned in York Castle, for the part he had taken in the advocacy of Chartism. In a few days after his imprisonment, he published a letter, in which he bitterly complained of the indignities and hardships to which he was subjected. Some of these were excessively severe. And, accordingly, when the case of Feargus' oppression—so disgraceful to those who inflicted it—came before the House of Commons, O'Connell denounced the severities inflicted on the prisoner as being highly illegal, and took part with those who sought their mitigation.

Mr. O'Connell often spoke of Feargus O'Connor's abilities with considerable admiration.

"In addressing the populace," said he, "Feargus is irresistible. He has great declamatory powers; but he is wholly destitute of logical ability. He declaims admirably; but he would not do for debate. He has vast energy (he has taken that leaf out of my book), and energy always tells well in a speaker, especially a popular speaker."

On being asked whether Feargus, or some Chartist leader, named Taylor, was the ablest man, he said "Pshaw! Don't compare them. Feargus has *done things*. What has Taylor done?" But his admiration of Feargus did not extend to his writings. On taking up the *Northern Star*, he said "Come, let us see what poor Balderdash has got to say for himself this week. Upon my word, this *Northern Star* is a perfectly unique affair. Look where you will—editorial articles, correspondence, reports of speeches—it is all praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! Well! the notion of a fellow setting up a newspaper to praise himself is something new at any rate. The paper is, in this respect, quite a literary curiosity!"

In the summer and autumn of 1840, a general war seemed probable. Utterly averse to the effusion of human blood, O'Connell earnestly deprecated war and its multitude of evils; but he firmly resolved, if it should occur, to avail himself of whatever facilities it might offer him towards the accomplishment of his darling project—the Repeal.

"If France puts England into difficulty now," he said one day after his return to Dublin, "the first hostile shot that's fired in the Channel, I'll have the government in my hand! But what a wretched cause of war! What is the quarrel all about? To settle which of two barbarians shall misgovern Syria! And civilized nations go to war about that!"

No accusation was more frequently made against O'Connell, by the unprincipled party orators and writers who hated him because he served his native land, than the charge of sanguinary bigotry. His object was uniformly stated by these persons to be the restoration of papal hierarchy in the plenitude of political power, and the ultimate extermination of the Irish Protestants. I recollect at this period, being shown a private letter addressed by O'Connell to Archbishop Mac Hale—a confidential epistle, which its writer never meant for publication, and which, in fact, was never published—I remember perusing this letter, which O'Connell had written to solicit the archbishop's assistance in the agitation for Repeal; and among the beneficial consequences held out by the writer, as likely to result from that measure, was "The abolition of all sectarian ascen-

*Hogg's Weekly Instructor."

dancy. There would be," he predicted, "no Protestant ascendancy over the Catholics, and no Catholic ascendancy over the Protestants; religion would be perfectly free." This glorious consummation was O'Connell's ardent wish; to achieve it was one of the chief labors of his life; and the man whose earnest aspirations were directed to this laudable end, was habitually traduced by the Tory party, as being quite prepared to light again the fires of Smithfield on the first opportunity.

O'Connell was indeed no bigot. It was quite true that he had a strong Catholic party feeling, which was necessarily generated by his career. But he disliked no fellow-creature on account of his creed. Men of all political and religious opinions were alike welcome to the hospitality of Darrynane. A bigoted Catholic observed that it was quite impossible that any Protestant in Ireland could have the plea of "invincible ignorance." "The fellow has no right to judge his neighbor's conscience," said O'Connell to me; "he does not know what goes to constitute invincible ignorance!"

When a Protestant lady became a member of his family, he thus addressed her on her arrival at Darrynane—(I heard him mention the circumstance many years subsequently)—"You are," said he, "a Protestant, and here, at Darrynane, the nearest place of worship of your own persuasion is at Smeem, which is twelve miles off. Now, I have taken care that you shall not want the means of worshipping God in your own way on the Sunday. You shall have a horse to ride to Smeem every Sunday during the summer, and a fresh horse, if requisite, to ride back; and if the ride should fatigue you, your carriage shall attend you."

Her answer was, "I thank you, sir; but I have resolved to go to Mass."

"Going to Mass is nothing," rejoined O'Connell, "unless you believe in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. And if you do not, it is much better that you should continue to attend your own place of worship; I shall provide you with the necessary accommodation."

When the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill seemed certain of success, four of the Dublin Aldermen, who I presume were office-bearers in the old Corporation, applied for his aid in procuring for them compensation. He readily acquiesced, and said to one of them (Sheriff Hyndman, I believe), "I want to work out political changes; but I am equally desirous to avoid inflicting individual injury. I war against systems, not against men; and I shall feel particularly happy if by my exertions I can procure for you the compensation to which I deem you most justly entitled."

The man who could speak thus, may doubtless have been an enthusiastic partisan, but he could at any rate have been no bigot.

But when assailed by unprincipled bigotry, he was not always quite so bland.

There is, or was, near Dublin, a Protestant clergyman named M'Ghee, who possessed some vituperative ability, which was combined with great zeal, and insatiable thirst for notoriety. In 1836, this reverend gentleman had produced at a public meeting in London a document forged by another clergyman named Todd, which he passed off as a genuine epistle from the Pope to the Irish bishops. This exploit obtained for him the sobriquet of "Forgery M'Ghee." O'Connell, it seems, was addressed in a letter—probably a controversial one—by this bizarre enthusiast. An emissary from M'Ghee, whose name I think was King, was deputed by the former to visit O'Connell and inquire if he meant to reply to his letter. O'Connell thus described his reception of the emissary:

"When the fellow was announced, I started up from my chair and indignantly exclaimed, 'How dare you, sir, insult me by bringing any message to my house from that forgery vagabond! I should feel more disgraced by holding communication with him than the vilest wretch that walks the streets. Get agone! get agone!'"

The envoy made a hasty retreat; and O'Connell, when subsequently speaking of the incident, exclaimed:

"What audacity these scoundrels have! What impudence of Forgery to send his epistles and messengers to me!"

"What did you do with his letter?" asked I.

"Flung it in the fire when I saw the rascal's name to it!"

There was another description of dissenters from Catholicity with whom O'Connell was on much better terms than with the proselyting parsons. These were the Quakers. He undoubtedly was not only attached to many of the Society of Friends, but he also admired some of their principles. In both Ireland and England he was in habits of familiar intercourse with certain leading members of their sect; and he referred with particular pleasure to the compliment paid him by old Joseph Pease, who was uncle, I think, to the Quaker member for Durham. That good old man had visited him often in London, and one day he said at parting, "Friend O'Connell, I have for many years watched thee actions closely; I have kept mine eye upon thee, and I have never seen thee do aught that was not honest and useful." "Truly," said O'Connell, "it was a satisfaction to my mind to be appreciated by that good man. It is consoling that an impartial and intelligent observer should do me justice. It makes me amends, if I needed any, for a life of labor and for the vituperation of my enemies."

(To be continued.)

The Providence Journal announces that Governor Dyer, of that State, intends, on account of ill-health, to leave for Europe shortly.

CULTIVATION OF BUCKWHEAT.

We think few farm crops have paid better than Buckwheat during a few years past. There have, of course, been exceptions, in limited localities, but all that has been raised, has met with ready sales at good prices. We have seldom been able to produce a good article of Buckwheat flour at less price than Wheat flour. Indeed, so high has been the former at times that Wheat flour of second grade has been extensively mixed with it. It is decidedly in favor of Buckwheat that it can be used as a make-shift, to fill in where from a late Spring or other cause it has been impossible to sow Spring Wheat, Oats, or other earlier crops. It may be sown in this latitude for raising grain as late as the middle of July, but we advise early sowing, say by the first of the month, if not before, where it can be done as well at that time. For plowing under as a fertilizer, it can be sown from early Spring to the close of August.

The recently-improved hulling mills for removing the black shell, has tended to greatly extend its use. It is good for stock, pigs, poultry, &c. In Europe, and in some places in this country, it is very extensively raised as food for bees. It is grown for fodder, and if cured in a green state, and stowed away in small stacks of two or three tons each, or in a dry loft, or on an open scaffold, and then steamed before feeding during the Winter, or cut fine in a straw cutter, slightly moistened with water, and mixed with meal, it makes tolerably nutritious food for cattle and horses. Finally, it is also grown as a fertilizer, to be plowed deep under the soil when in blossom. Though not equal to clover for this purpose, still it enriches the land rapidly, and has the advantage of growing when and where clover will scarcely show its more delicate heads. The best soil, undoubtedly, for Buckwheat is a good, dry, light sandy loam; but it may be made to grow well in any soil if properly prepared. Fresh manure should only be applied to this crop when a growth of straw alone is wanted. When its grain is desired, dissolved bones is the best manure; next comes a mixture half and half of guano and bone-dust. We have seen fine large crops raised on the poor sandy soils of Long Island and New Jersey by an application of ten to fifteen bushels of bone-dust per acre. Plow deep, sow the seed broadcast, then the manure, then harrow well, and finish by rolling smooth. If sown for a fertilizer or for fodder, put in one and a half to two bushels per acre; if for the grain, three-quarters to one and a half bushels per acre is usually sufficient. Sow broadcast, or in drills as most convenient. Cut as soon as the berry is well filled with milk, and before it gets very hard. Loss frequently ensues by letting it stand too long, for it is a grain that shells easily as the straw is turned in the field. When wanted for fodder, cut just as it is going out of bloom, and cure the same as clover hay. When plowed in for a fertilizer, do this in full bloom, and cover as deep and well as possible—*American Agriculturist*.

HOW TO SET CABBAGE PLANTS.—It is now time to put out the second crop of cabbage. Under a burning sun, it is sometimes difficult to make the young plants live. The rainy day, so much coveted for this purpose, is sometimes a stranger for two or three weeks, and much time is lost upon the crop. With proper care the plants may be put out and live, even in dry weather. The best time, if a rainy day cannot be had, is just at evening. The seed bed from which the plants are to be taken should be thoroughly saturated with water to the depth of three or four inches. Then by taking up the plants gently with a small spade or trowel, a ball of earth will adhere to each plant, and if put out carefully they will live and soon become established. They should be watered as soon as set out to settle the dirt around the roots. If the sun comes out very hot it is a good plan to put a green leaf of pie plant, burdock or cabbage, over them by day, removing it at night. By managing in this way, ninety-nine in a hundred of good plants will live. Never set cabbage in ground manured with the contents of the pig sty.

EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES THROUGH CANADA.—Among the facts connected with the emigration from Europe this year is the large number of English and Irish emigrants who land in Canada, but pass on to the western States in preference to settling in the provinces. Thus we learn from the return made by the emigration agent at Hamilton, Canada West, that in the month of June the number of emigrants arriving at that port was 9,414, of whom 2,193, or less than a fourth part, remained in the country, the rest having left for the United States. And that a large proportion of these will eventually seek the same destination is evident from the returns for the whole year, which show that out of 12,668 persons arriving at Hamilton previous to June, only 357 remained in the province when the report was made.

EARTHQUAKES IN FRANCE.—The invalids congregated at Vichy were seriously alarmed lately by a severe shock of earthquake. Shocks have been likewise felt in other parts of France.

On the night of the 3d inst., a mob broke into the jail of Cedar Co., Iowa, and took therefrom two men named Gleason and Soper, confined on a charge of horse-stealing, and hung them.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The *Banner of Ulster*, writing of the Broadstone murder, publishes some recollections of secret murders in the north of Ireland. In the following we are told how one of the black-hearted informers of '98 received his quietus from the determined "men of the North." Among the many strange and sorrowful legends of the Irish insurrection there exists a curious illustration of the faith which exists among the most reckless of society. In the summer of '98, a young man of respectable appearance came to Belfast ostensibly for the purpose of seeking a situation. By some means he had gained access to one of the societies of United Irishmen, the meetings of which were held in the neighborhood of North street. The stranger, after a short term of probation, was admitted into the brotherhood, and being of an insinuating habit, he soon gained considerable information connected with the operations of the system in this and the next county. Several of the far seeing members of the society were a little suspicious of the newly-dubbed patriot, and after some weeks of close watching and minute surveillance on the stranger's movements, it came out that he was a spy, and that all the secret doings of the society with which he had managed, to get himself connected had been transmitted to Dublin Castle. Dreadful were the denunciations of the more impetuous of the members on the disclosure of the treachery, and six young men resolved to take away the life of the unfortunate one who had betrayed their secrets. Those young fellows met together immediately after the receipt of the intelligence. Their first act was to bind themselves by solemn oath to profound secrecy. Again, each bound himself to commit the deed if the lot about to be cast for that purpose fell on him; a third vow was to the effect, that none of them should then, or any time thereafter, seek to discover the person on whom the lot fell. The terrible ordeal was then gone through, and so peculiarly did the business proceed that it would have been impossible for any one of the party to say which of the remaining five got the black bean. Next day was Friday; a throng of countrymen and others were proceeding from the bustle of Smithfield through the narrow entry which leads to North street, and in the midst of that moving mass a pistol-shot startled the quiet farmers. Loud cries of "Murder, there's a man killed," were heard from those in the immediate vicinity. Men and women ran to the spot, and there lay in the final struggle of death the mysterious stranger. A few minutes afterwards the chief in command of the military, several of the local magistrates and hosts of constables had got jammed into the narrow defile of brick and mortar. Inquiries were instituted, witnesses were kept in custody, rewards were offered, and all the machinery of the law set in motion, for the purpose of gaining information as to who had been the murderer; but every effort proved in vain. It afterwards appeared that the perpetrator of the act had watched his victim pass up the entry, and getting close to him shot him through the heart. Dropping the pistol at the moment, and mixing himself with the people, then fearfully excited by the dreadful occurrence, he escaped quietly to a place of safety. About ten years ago an old man died in this county, and previous to his decease he gave a full account of the whole affair, which, at the date of his death, had lain half a century among the undiscovered events of Ninety-eight. That man was one of the six, the last and then only survivor of the sworn avengers of the spy's treachery. Whether he himself had been the direct instrument of the assassination remains a secret, which, in all probability, will never be discovered.

We have to announce the demise of almost the last of the noble band of princely spirits who, by their commercial enterprise, honorable conduct as public men, and noble sentiments, laid the foundations of Belfast society, and may be truly considered as the originators of its greatness. When John Sinclair was born, Belfast had not much more than emerged from its village existence. The tide ebbed and flowed half-way up High st. The sweep round from "McClean's field's" by the head of Arthur street to the old Long bridge was a mud bank, over which the tide ebbed and flowed, and where there was good wild fowl shooting. The Blackstaff emptied its then pellucid stream to be contaminated by the corruption with which it mingled in the almost stagnant waters of the Lagan.—*Belfast Mercury*.

A man, named Andrew Henderson, a brass founder by trade, was in a house in Little Donegall street, Belfast, occupied by persons named McVeigh, where he drank two glasses of whiskey, and afterwards fell asleep. After some time, it was proposed by his nephew, who had come in search of him, to awake him; but the people of the house thought it better to let him continue

his sleep. He was consequently left undisturbed till towards the afternoon, when, on examination, it was found that he was dead. The deceased was a single man, and about forty years of age.

The steamer Enniskillen, 400 tons burthen, struck on a bank of shingles at a most dangerous part of the Rathlin Island. She was bound to Liverpool from Derry. Having been got off with some difficulty, she came into this port about five o'clock in the evening. The cattle with which she was laden were taken ashore and fed, and after taking in a quantity of coal, she slipped her moorings, and went off in company with the *Blenheim*, for the great commercial entrepot of the empire.

Armagh.

Three swarms of bees lodged lately in front of Mr. Robert Cochrane's house, in English street. The insects entered by a crevice under the window sill, and swarmed in the windows and rooms of the house, appearing to have such particular love of liberty that nothing could induce them to return to a cap which was procured for them. Finding it impossible to reduce the insects to subjection, or restore them to a suitable habitation, the services of a plasterer were procured, and they were immured under the window sill, to which they took a strange fancy.—*Guardian*.

Carlow.

We understand that the cock-fighting propensities of the people of Graigue have not been in any way checked by the punishment inflicted last year for their participation in the disgraceful scene at St. Mullins. We are informed that a "main," as it is called, of eleven cock-fights between Kilcullen, in the county of Kildare, and Graigue, in this county, "came off" lately between Carlow and Athy, when Graigue was again victorious, by winning seven battles out of the eleven, some dozen or so of unfortunate birds having been put to death, as many more barbarously mangled for the gratification of their owners and their friends.—*Kilkenny Paper*.

Clare.

A very numerous and influential meeting was held in Ennis, for the purpose of preparing to meet the petition presented by Sir John D. Fitzgerald. William Butler, Esq., J.P., Bunnahow, in the chair. Several electors, among whom were many of the clergy, were present. Strong resolutions were adopted, and a sum of £100 was subscribed on the spot.

Cork.

Much excitement has been created at Upton, near Bandon, consequent on the death of a woman named Howes, under circumstances which occasioned a very general suspicion that she had died of poison. It appears that deceased was mother to a party who held a position in the hospital of Bandon workhouse, in which she had facilities of obtaining access to the drugs which were kept in the establishment. Deceased had been for some time previous to her death subject to attacks of perspiration, for which the daughter recommended her to take some gallic acid. The daughter states she procured a pill-box of gallic acid, which she laid aside intending to give to her mother on the first opportunity. When she afterwards came to look for the box she could not find it; but some time subsequently she found a box, which, from its appearance, she supposed the same. She gave it to her mother, who, it appears, took a portion of it, and died in about two hours afterwards, exhibiting all the symptoms of strychnine.

A desperate attempt was made to assault Mr. Joyce, Governor of the county Cork jail, by a returned convict named Kiely. Mr. Joyce was making his usual morning inspection of the different portions of the jail, and when he reached the ward where Kiely was, the latter, having watched his opportunity, flung at his head a large piece of hard wood, which, had it struck him, would have done him serious injury. Fortunately, however, the missile missed its aim, but Kiely was immediately secured, and was ordered to be placed on bread and water for six weeks. This piece of wood had formed the bottom of a vessel which Kiely had in his cell, and from which he tore away the sides, so as to convert it into a more effectual weapon, and one that could be more easily concealed, from whence it is plain the assault was not the result of a mere sudden impulse, but a deliberately planned one.—*Examiner*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Shaw, Woodlands, Bandon, a magistrate of the county of Cork, on the recommendation of Lord Fermoy, Lord Lieutenant of the County.

Down.

The dinner given to Mr. Ker, of Montalto, by his tenantry, came off with great éclat at Ballynahinch. It is a source of great pleasure to be able to chronicle such an event, showing, as it does, the sympathy which exists between this gentleman and his tenantry. No more convincing proof of the sincerity of the affair could be adduced than

the fact that this magnificent presentation, valued at upwards of £700, was got up exclusively by Mr. Ker's tenantry.—*Ulsterman*.

Dublin.

James Spollen was brought up at Capel street Police-office, and the case underwent a preliminary investigation. Lucy Spollen, daughter of the prisoner, a child of 11 years of age, was examined. She identified a piece of cloth which was found wrapped around some of the money, as having belonged to herself, and stated that it was in the house a little before the murder and not since. Mr. Chamberlain, one of the clerks of the Railway Company, recognized his own initials and the handwriting of Mr. Little on the paper in which some of the money was rolled. Another examination was held on Wednesday, but nothing material was elicited, and the case was postponed to Thursday for further evidence. The police have continued their search in the little river and found a few shillings. A razor, with the name of the prisoner rudely scratched on it, was discovered in the canal. The chimney in which Mrs. Spollen stated her husband at first hid the money has been examined, and the mark of the vessel and the sign of the holdfast in the wall were discovered. The key of Mr. Little's office is anxiously sought, but has not yet been found.

A report was made at the detective police-office by Mr. Somers, the proprietor of an extensive bakery in Meath street, that the till of his shop had been plundered on several occasions at night without any trace being obtained of the robber, although the money left in the till had been marked. Constable Rice, of the G. Division, was placed to watch Mr. Somers's premises on Thursday night. He secreted himself in the shop, and when all was silent, between two and three o'clock he heard the door leading to the shop opened cautiously, as it appeared with a false key, and he saw a young man named George Byrne enter the shop and proceed deliberately to the till. The delinquent was in the act of opening the till, when, to his horror and astonishment, he was seized by the constable, who took him into custody. The prisoner's trunk was searched, and some of the marked money was found concealed therein. He was brought before the magistrate at the Head Office, and committed for trial at city sessions.

Four young lads having hired a boat, were proceeding down the Liffey going to the Regatta at Kingstown, and on reaching the bar at Ringsend, the boat unfortunately upset, and, melancholy to state, the lads were drowned before any assistance could be procured. It appeared that a very heavy sea was running at the time, and being inexperienced rowers they were unable to manage the boat.

A public meeting was held in the Music Hall, for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of providing suitable recreation for the working classes, embracing musical performances, &c. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Classon, Alderman Dowden, Mr. Hetherington, and others.

A meeting of the general committee of the Moore Testimonial was held on the 8th inst., to receive estimates for the pedestal and for the erection of the statue.

Mr. J. Knight Boswell has sent in application to government for a patent to erect a new theatre in Dublin.

Fermanagh.

There are only two criminal cases for trial at the approaching assizes to be held in Enniskillen. This fact speaks well for the peaceable state of the county.

Kildare.

The Lord Lieutenant, with the advice of the Privy Council, in compliance with a memorial from the grand jury of the county of Kildare, ordered that the assizes for that county shall for the future be held at Naas only, and not, as formerly, alternately at Athy and Naas. Accordingly, the approaching summer assizes for the county of Kildare will be held at Naas.

Longford.

An address has been presented to Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., from the attorneys of the Longford bar, on his promotion from the Assistant Barristership of that county to the chairmanship of Kilmainham.

Sligo.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, after a lengthened trial, Mr. C. Sedley, of Sligo, obtained a verdict of £100 against Mr. McGowan, the mayor of the town, for his having refused to record the plaintiff's vote for Mr. Wynne, one of the candidates at the late election. This is the first action of the kind which has been tried for a very long period.

Waterford.

On the 24th ult. a deputation, consisting of the following members of parliament, Mr. Blake, Mr. Hassard, Mr. Bagwell, Mr. Greene, Mr. Waldron, Mr. McMahon, Mr. Tottenham,

and Mr. Power, waited on the Lords of the Admiralty, relative to the deepening of the shoal at the entrance of Waterford harbor. They were received by the First Lord, who entertained their application very favorably, and expressed an intimation that the Admiralty considered the work desirable to be performed, if it could be accomplished at a moderate cost. He also mentioned that a committee had been appointed to consider the general question of the harbors of the kingdom, and that it would be well to bring this application under the notice of that committee.

Dr. White, late Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, has brought an action against the directors of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway for injuries sustained by the accident which occurred in the month of November last, and by which five or six lives were lost, and several persons, including Dr. White, more or less injured. The case was argued in the Court of Queen's Bench, and closed by the jury finding a verdict for the plaintiff with £2,500 damages and 6d. costs.

THE INDIAN REBELLION.

The latest intelligence from India has struck terror throughout the length and breadth of the British dominions. What was at first supposed to be a mere mutiny of a couple of regiments, is now found to be an universal insurrection of the Native troops in all the great military stations of the North. In Meerut, Ferozepore, Lucknow, Umballa, and other towns, the Sepoys have risen *en masse*—shot down their officers, murdered and pillaged all the English they could find, and, after committing excesses which show how deeply rooted is the spirit of hatred and revenge with which they regard their oppressors, finally marched on the city of Delhi, where they proclaimed a descendant of one of the old Mogul Emperors, King. This latter fact is conclusive as to the origin of this Revolution. The spirit of revolt may have been fostered, in the first instance, by the insults thrown upon their caste and religion by the British Governors, who seem to have become blind to the consequence of the acts, by a long course of successful tyranny; but nothing is more certain now than that the Indian regiments, feeling that they are the mainstay of the British power, and aggrieved in many ways, have at length become permeated by a national spirit, and are determined to throw off the yoke of their oppressor. It is also vain to assert that this outbreak is only a military insurrection; for in every town they have visited on their triumphant course, they have been joined by the Native inhabitants, who have displayed a ferocity and resolve quite equal to that of the soldiers in the work of extermination.

For years it has been evident that the British Empire in India was breaking up—that under the exhausting system so long in action, the peninsula must finally become so impoverished as to be unworthy of retention, except its population could be forced to adopt the civilization of the west. It was plain that conquest must terminate some day—that with the last province which was subdued, annexed, and plundered, a new state of things must inevitably arise, to meet which new elements must be created. Before the frontier of conquest became so extended as it is now, and while provinces yet remained to be subjugated, ample means existed for satisfying the incessant demands of Leadenhall street, and for paying and employing the great Native army which had necessarily become increased as the empire extended. As long as British dominion was progressive all was well; even while the northern tribes continued unsubdued an exit was afforded for the energies of the Sepoy forces. But that period is now over. The vast region from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya has been overrun by the British armies and impoverished by the British tax collector, and the problem now is to retain and utilize what they have acquired. With this view railways have been introduced, and an attempt made to force Christianity on the people, it being evident that while the Hindoo or Mohammedan retained their superstitious castes and ordinances of life, the great object of Anglicising India would be an impossibility. But the moment England commenced the task of proselytizing, she turned her slaves into enemies; and the Native army, equally averse with the people to the change sought to be effected in their beliefs, habits, and customs—conscious, too, that it was through their arms alone that British domination was upheld, and wearied with the occupation of acting as a police over their countrymen, seem at length to have thrown their allegiance to the tyrannical alien overboard, and declared for the country and people to whose institutions they are naturally attached; with whom they are connected by the ineradicable sympathy of race and religion. There now seems little doubt, that a conspiracy, if such a word may be used, exists, and has spread throughout the entire peninsula, to overturn the English government and re-

instate the Native princes on their rightful thrones. It is otherwise impossible to account for the rapidity with which the military insurrection has spread over the North, from Ferozepore to the mouth of the Ganges. Indeed, the fact of outbreaks taking place simultaneously in towns, distantly removed from each other, is quite conclusive on this point. It is also no less certain that Russian diplomacy has been exercised to effect this object. Sebastopol is not forgotten, notwithstanding the amenities which passed between the Queen and Grand Duke at Osborne lately; and perhaps the Czar considers it an easier and more feasible plan in the first instance, to beat the English out of India with their own troops, than to march his Russians upon Calcutta before that adroit enterprize is executed.

As the East has been the principal region in which the great national crimes of England have been committed, so it seems but just that retribution should strike her from that quarter. While China is in arms against that aggressive race who would reduce her to the condition of another Hindostan, this sudden revolution of the Sepoy army appears to complicate her policy, and, we hope, to snatch the proposed prey from her grasp. Her military resources are confessedly inadequate to suppress revolt in India, and maintain war in China; for both those objects her immense navy is completely useless. In this emergency, therefore, she appeals to the Emperor of France to aid her; in other words speaks to him to send an army to Canton, and prove the verity of the alliance by turning his splendid soldiery into a gang of mercenaries for hire. It is not likely, however, that the spirit of France will bend to such indignity as this, especially as her own interests have been and are directly opposed to the continuance of British domination in the East. If Louis Napoleon dispatches an armament to China it is but too possible it will be for the purpose of creating a French colony, not an English one. One would think that he had already fulfilled the condition of the alliance by rescuing her army from the clutch of the Russian, without putting herself out of the way to aggrandize her position in the East, from which she has always endeavored to exclude France, and opposed her interest with all the jealous care and assiduity of a successful rival.

Meanwhile, the greatest energy is exhibited at the other side of the Channel, and four regiments have already been dispatched—to crush an insurrection of two hundred thousand men. The *Times* says that a force must be put down by force; and, trusting to the magnificent armament just mentioned, asserts, with characteristic audacity, that there are no grounds for despondency. "As for the expression of a wish that the struggle may not be attended with bloodshed," continues the Thunderer, "we feel that it would be an unworthy affectation. Justice, humanity, and the honor of the country demand that the slaughter at Delhi should be punished with unsparring severity, &c." To all which commonplace bombast it is only necessary to state that a hundred and fifty millions of Indians have become discontented with British Government; that they are wearied with the system of rapine and tyranny so-called; that while they have been enslaved and impoverished, their religious prejudices have been insulted; and, that the Native army by which they have been held in subjection so long have at length declared in their favor, and struck a first, but not a final blow, for Indian Nationality.—*Nation*.

A Parliamentary return, just issued, shows that the total strength of the constabulary force in Ireland, on the 1st of January, was 35 county inspectors, 6 extra-rate, 77 first-rate, 80 second-rate, and 86 third-rate sub-inspectors; 1 extra rate, 55 first-rate, and 270 second-rate head-constables; 1 extra rate, 54 mounted, and 1,662 dismounted constables; 351 acting-constables; 286 mounted, 8,207 dismounted, and 852 second-rate sub-constables; making a total force of 11,781 men, with 388 horses. The annual salaries of the county inspectors range from £220 to £298, the sub-inspectors from £70 to £80. The pay of the great body of the men of the first-rate sub-constables is £27 14s. per annum.

The total number of houses rated at more than £10 each in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Waterford, Drogheda, Kinsale, and Kilkenny, amounts to 19,197, and the total amount of ministers' money payable in the above cities and boroughs is £12,133, of which £8,436 is leviable in Dublin, and £2,271 in Cork.

The Summer Assizes have commenced. In many counties the calendars are light, but in Tipperary, and one or two more—Donegal and Leitrim may be mentioned—there will be several serious cases for trial. Several serious cases arising out of the elections will also engage the attention of the judges,

ENGLAND.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The crops of all kinds have made great advance, with the exception of Lent corn and grass, for which more moisture would unquestionably have been advantageous. Indeed, with respect to these crops rain has been wanted. On the thin soil this has been especially felt; and though with respect to grass the time has been most splendid for haymaking, yet the swathe has in many places turned out lighter than was expected, owing to deficiency of rain during the past month. Peas and beans are looking well, especially the latter. Of the wheats the most gratifying accounts are given on every side. They are everywhere in full ear, strong and upstanding, and a very short continuance of fine still weather will enable the "blooming" to be gone through under unusually favorable conditions. A fall of rain will be very acceptable, and unless very violent or long continued will, with the exception of checking the hay harvest, scarcely do other than unmitigated good.

THE SALE AT ALTON TOWERS.—By order of the executors of the late Earl of Shrewsbury the superb contents of Alton Towers, for many years a source of delight to tourists from all parts of England and other countries, and of excursionists residing in Staffordshire and the neighboring counties, will in a few days be disposed of by public auction. The sale was commenced at 1 o'clock on the 6th of July, and is to continue during the twenty-nine following days. We find that the sale of the pictures will last six days, and that there are upwards of 700 lots, including the collection of Madame Letitia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon I. The various Italian, and the Spanish, Flemish, and French schools are admirably represented. The collection of porcelain is exceedingly rich and varied. The whole of the costly library, weighing several tons, has been removed to London for sale. The valuable collection of hot-house plants will be sold separately.

A VETERAN HERO.—There is at present in the sick ward of one of the poorhouses at Southampton rather an interesting character, one of the last survivors of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. A short time ago one of Nelson's men died at Greenwich 101 years old, and it was then stated that somewhere there lived another of even more advanced age, "and this is even he." Thomas Goodman was born at Southampton on the 1st of January, 1755, and is therefore in his 103rd year. In 101 he was engaged at Copenhagen, where he came off almost without a scratch; but at Trafalgar, where he served on board Nelson's flag-ship the Victory, he got considerably damaged, and was carried below but a minutes before the immortal hero himself. The old gentleman has been in receipt of a comfortable pension for many years.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR INDIA.—The *Globe* says as soon as the cabinet meeting had terminated the telegraph was actively at work to different directions. The 1st Royals at Dublin, the 19th regiment at Portsmouth, the 30th at the Curragh, and the 79th Highlanders at Dublin, were placed under orders for making a force of 4,000 men. The drafts at the depot at Chatham to the different regiments amount altogether to about 3,006 men. The 2d regiment of Dragoon Guards, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 7th Fusiliers, making a force of 4,500 men, were under orders to embark for India before the arrival of the last mail. The 64th and 78th regiments have before this reached Calcutta. Altogether the total augmentation of the troops in India will amount to 14,000 men.

NEW RAILWAY STATION AT LEWES.—The new building which is being erected at the foot of St. Mary's lane, comprises a viaduct and passenger station, the length of the viaduct being nearly 300 feet. There are altogether twelve arches, eight of which are 12 feet each; two, 15 feet each; and the remaining two, 18 feet each; making a total of 162 feet; to which must be added the width of the different buttresses; the opening for the Keymer branch, 32 feet 9 inches, with two additional openings (one upon each side of the line) of 24 feet each. The arches will be brick, with stone coping, and the girders over the Keymer branch and its sides of cast-iron. The goods traffic will be carried on, as hitherto, at the old station, the new one being intended for passenger traffic only.

A SAILOR'S GALLANTRY.—The *Chronicle* says: "A little child, who was being nursed by its sister on board a Humber keel lying in the harbor, fell overboard and was carried rapidly away by the tide, which was at flood with the springs. The mate of the vessel, however, without hesitation, and at great personal risk, jumped in and swam after the child, which was supported by its clothes for a considerable distance, and succeeded in rescuing it, greatly to the admiration of the spectators of this daring act."

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The number of deaths registered in London in the week that ended on Saturday (27th June) was 1,005. In the ten years 1847-'56 the average number of deaths in the weeks corresponding with last week was 1,090; but as the deaths of last week occurred in an increased population, the average should be raised, with a view to comparison, proportionally to the increase, in which case it will become 1,199. The deaths now returned were, therefore, less by 194, than would have occurred if the average rate of mortality towards the end of June had prevailed. Last week the births of 867 boys and 805 girls, in all 1,672 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1847-'56 the average number was 1,568.

STATUE TO JAMES WATT AT MANCHESTER.—A bronze statue to James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was erected in front of the Manchester Infirmary, and grouping with the statues previously erected to Wellington, Peel, and Dalton, was formally inaugurated. The mayor and members of the corporation, attended by some of the leading scientific men of the town, were present, and some thousands of people were there to witness the uncovering of the memorial, which took place amidst great cheering. The statue is a sitting figure, corresponding with the one of Dr. Dalton, and is copied from the marble figure by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey. It was copied by Theed, and was cast by Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, of Pimlico.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.—It is already known that the water used at the christening of the Princess Beatrice was brought from the river Jordan. It appears that Capt. Geoffrey Nightingale, Hyderabad Cavalry, when travelling some time since in the Holy Land, visited the river Jordan, and had some of the water put into bottles, which, being hermetically sealed, the captain brought to England; and, upon the birth of the Princess Beatrice, he placed at the disposal of the Queen a quantity of the water sufficient for the baptismal ceremony. Captain Nightingale's offer was accepted, and the Jordan water was accordingly placed in the royal font, and used in the ceremony.

THE DEAN OF CARLISLE ON RACES.—In the course of a sermon in the cathedral the Dean of Carlisle expatiated on the evils of horse racing. He said that for ten years he had preached against races at Cheltenham, and he had lived there twenty years after they had been put down. He added, that so long as he could speak, he would never cease to raise his voice against them here.

A gentleman jumped into the Thames lately, from Southwark bridge, and was drowned.

SCOTLAND.

DIVORCE.—A return was published lately of the number of acts of parliament since the Reformation to the present time, for dissolving marriage and enabling the parties to marry again. The total number is 317. With the exception of 1799, the majority of acts were passed in 1839, 1840, and 1842. A return has also been published of the number of decrees of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* in Scotland during the last ten years, the sum total of which amounts to 174, of which 99 were at the suit of the husband, and 75 at the suit of the wife.

IMPROVEMENTS AT HOLYROOD.—The works at Holyrood and in the Queen's Park, authorized by a vote of Parliament, has just been commenced, and are being carried forward with energy. They consist of a new garden surrounding the palace, including, of course, the removal of all the old houses between it and the hill, forming a lock below St. Anthony's Chapel, building new entrance lodges, and extensive improvements within the palace.

THE HERRING FISHERIES.—The English government will send a man-of-war steamer to the coast of Scotland, to protect the herring fishermen from the obstruction of foreigners. The service will be entrusted to Lieutenant Simpson, R. N., who, in command of the steam vessel Otter, will proceed to his station the second week of July.

SUN STROKE.—On Monday week a young girl, belonging to Bridgend, while going about the field in the vicinity, received a sun stroke, and fell down insensible. She was promptly carried home, but still lies in a dangerous condition.—*Perth Courier*.

The trial of Miss Smith for the murder of Pierre Emile L'Angelier commenced in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh. She was attired in a colored silk cloak, wore a light straw bonnet with white silk ribbons and trimmings, and a black veil. She entered the court with a firm step, and took her seat in the dock with great composure. Her countenance was slightly pale and altogether could not fail to excite great interest and sympathy in all. On being asked to plead, Miss Smith in a clear and distinct voice answered "not guilty." The trial is expected to last several days.

The Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, which opens early in August next in Glasgow, from the very large number of entries, promises to be one of the most successful that has yet taken place. The part of the Green selected is what is known as the Queen's Park, and the extent of ground occupied about twenty-two acres.

FRANCE.

CONSPIRACY.—A private letter from Paris says—"It is beyond a doubt, although the fact has been repeatedly denied in England, that the arrest of some Italians in Paris was connected with the discovery of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. The police had wind of the matter as long ago as April, but they could learn nothing certain till June 13, on which day seven of the alleged conspirators, all Italians, were arrested and lodged *en secret* in Mazas prison, where they now are. As I have formerly stated, poniards, revolvers, and other arms were found in their possession. They had also conical bullets, tipped with steel, and apt to pierce through a coat of mail. The number of conspirators is said to be ten, but I have not heard what is known of the other three. It is not thought that the men now in Mazas will be publicly tried. M. Valade, an agent of Ledru Rollin, who came to France lately on an electioneering mission, was discovered and arrested in the provinces a day or two before the general elections. He was brought to Paris, in custody."

THE ELECTIONS.—General Cavaignac is now officially announced in the *Siecle*, as also M. Emile Ollivier and M. Darimon, as candidates of the Opposition in the third, fourth and seventh districts of Paris for the second elections. The Government nominees are the same as before—MM. Thibaut, Varin and Lanquetier.

The Camp of Chalons, situated about nine miles from the town of that name, will be inaugurated on the 1st of September. It extends over a space of 31,250 acres. The troops who are to take part in the manoeuvres are to be composed of 17,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry. General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely is charged with the command.

The Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial have left for Plombieres, and from thence go on to Biarritz.

ITALY.

A letter from Rome of the 25th ult., in the *Constitutionnel*, says: "There appears to be no doubt that the excursion of the Pope will extend beyond the limit of his own States. I have it from the best authority that his Holiness will certainly visit Florence, where the Pitti Palace will be placed at his disposal by the Grand Duke. I can also mention as an almost certain fact that the Pope will go to Parma, and, if certain rumors may be credited, he may even extend his journey to Milan and to Venice, but this last-named intelligence I regard as less positive. The harvest has commenced pretty generally in this neighborhood, and never was there a more abundant crop. The prospect of cheap food already begins to gladden the hearts of the people, who have of late suffered so severely from the dearth of bread, which forms the principal part of their food. The works of the railway between Rome and Civita Vecchia are being carried on with great activity; even the extreme heat of the weather has not in any way impeded their progress."

The *Bilancia*, of Milan, publishes the following allocution addressed by the Pope to the Austrian officers at Bologna: "Gentlemen—It is a great joy for me to find myself in the midst of the most distinguished officers of a portion of the Austrian army—of the army of the noblest and most ancient of empires, of an army so well disciplined, so honored, and so distinguished for its fidelity to its Sovereign and to the Sovereign Pontiff! I owe much gratitude to the Emperor of Austria! consequently, I owe much of that gratitude to the Austrian army. I invoke the heavenly blessing of God on the sacred person of your Sovereign and on yourselves. May it, at the end of your career of honor, glory, and Christian virtues, enable you to obtain from Heaven the reward of your deserts."

A telegraphic despatch, dated from Rome, in the *Univers*, states that Cardinal Antonelli received M. Montes, the Mexican minister, but not in his diplomatic capacity. His title as Mexican envoy is not, it declares, to be recognized until his government shall have annulled the measures it has adopted against the church.

A conspiracy tending to provoke disorder at Genoa, has been discovered. Forty persons have been arrested. The squadron of Admiral Lord Lyons was expected at Spezzia on the 8th.

The rumor of an attempt to assassinate the King of Naples turns out to be a falsehood.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE VESSEL IN WHICH WILLIAM III. CAME TO ENGLAND.—This celebrated craft, according to the most reliable accounts, was built on the Thames in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Orange, or his adherents, and was selected by the Prince to convey himself and suite to England; and he bestowed upon her the name of "The Princess Mary" in honor of his consort, the daughter of James II. During the whole of William's reign, the ship held a place of honor as one of the royal yachts, having been regularly used as the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. The vessel came into the possession of King George I., by whose order she ceased to form part of the royal establishment. About the middle of the last century she was sold by the government to Messrs. Walters, of London, from whom she received the name of "Betsy Cairns," in honor, we are told, of some West India lady of that name. After being long employed in the West Indian trade, she was disposed of and converted into a collier, and employed between Newcastle and London. She was afterwards (1825) again sold, and finally on the 17th of February, 1827, while pursuing her voyage from Shields to Hamburg, with a cargo of coals, she struck upon the "Black Middens," a dangerous reef of rocks north of the mouth of the Tyne, and in a few days afterwards became a total wreck. She had been regarded with almost superstitious feelings of interest and veneration; and a "memorable prophecy" was said to be associated with her fortunes, viz., "that the Catholics would never get the better while the *Betsy Cairns* was afloat." The remnant of her original timbering was extremely fine. There was a profusion of rich and elaborate oak carvings, the color of the wood, from age and exposure, closely resembling that of ebony. Snuff boxes and souvenirs of various kinds were made of the wood, and brought exorbitant prices. Each of the members of the then Corporation of Newcastle was presented with one of these boxes of old British oak.—*Durham County Advertiser.*

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.—At the funeral of a Russian Prince at Moscow, a few years ago, the body was laid in a superb crimson coffin, richly embossed with silver, and placed beneath the dome of the church; on a throne raised at the head of the coffin stood the archbishop, who read the service; upon each side were ranged the inferior clergy, clothed as usual in the most costly robes, bearing in their hands wax tapers, and burning incense. The ceremony began at ten in the morning. The chanting had a solemn and sublime effect; it seemed as if the choristers were placed in the upper part of the dome, which, perhaps, was really the case. The words uttered were only a constant repetition, in Russian, of "Lord have mercy upon us." Incense was then offered and that ceremony ended, the archbishop read aloud a declaration, purporting that the deceased died in the true faith. The archbishop then placed the paper in the coffin. The lid being now removed, the body of the Prince was exposed to view, and all the relatives, servants, slaves, and other attendants began their loud lamentations, as is the custom amongst the Russians; and each person walking round the corpse made prostrations before it, and kissed the lips of the deceased. The face of the dead was covered by linen and the archbishop poured consecrated oil and threw a white powder several times upon it, pronouncing some words in Russian—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou art returned." The lid of the coffin was then replaced, and after a requiem, a procession began from the church to a convent in the vicinity of the city, where the body was to be interred.

HANDEL.—The son of an old surgeon by a second wife, and grandson to a master cooper-smith, George Frederick Handel was born on the twenty-third of February in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-five. His father's age was sixty-three when the boy came into the world; born a musician in a house where music was despised, and where the determination was that he should be trained to the law. Because he took with as much aptitude to music as to ordinary speech, young Handel's father would not send him to a public school, for in those days at all public schools in Germany music was as regular a branch of education as arithmetic or grammar. Also the father would not let the son be taken into any place where music was performed, forbade him to touch any musical instrument, and turned everything of that kind out of his house. But, the boy either found in the house or smuggled into it and kept in the garret, a dumb spinet, which is a muffled clavier—in the form of a square box—upon this he used to make music to himself when all the household was asleep.—*Household Words.*

TRULY ENGLISH.—We spend a hundred millions of money in trying to kill as many Russians as possible, and yet receive the chief promoter of the war with honor. We utter a hundred falsehoods a day as to the occupier of the throne and her power. In fact, we have come to live in as much fiction and lies as the Chinese monarch, who declares himself first cousin to the sun, and brother to the moon, and who proclaims, when he sits down to dinner, that any other monarch may do the same. All this is barbarism, and has in it the seeds of inevitable decay. When a nation or an individual cannot see the work that it has to do, and which lies under its nose, but does everything else, and neglects the obvious, the simple, and the useful, we may be sure the beginning of the end has begun.—*London Paper.*

A BAPTISM AT TABORS.—Among the people of more artificial manners in a city I saw a Jewish maiden baptized. The day was bitterly cold, but the young convert came into church bare-footed and habited only in a white cotton garment, tied at the neck with a blue riband. By some slight of hand, with the assistance of her parents and the priesthood, she exchanged this solitary robe for a "Christian Chemise." A vast tub, placed behind two screens, was prepared: At last we heard a great splash, accompanied by an involuntary cry; then other splashes, and the water ran in rivulets over the pavement. Two minutes afterwards, the screens were removed, and we saw the bare-footed Jewess, trembling, but fresh, and flushed like a real garden rose, her hair and face streaming with water, her thin attire clinging to her body, and the priest touching her forehead, ears, bosom, fingers, and feet with consecrated oil. * * * At last, to my great satisfaction, they threw a blue satin mantle over the shoulders of the poor young girl.—*Musgrove's Pilgrimage.*

PREVENTIVE POLICE.—An American gentleman, having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what not a little amused him. A man, bearing no particular marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a pursy, well-looking old man, rose and stepped out, saying, as he did so, "I've too much money with me to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young individual said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out!"

MANCHESTER IN 1641.—In the "Treasure of Traffic," published by Lewis Roberts, in 1641, it is stated that linen yarn was imported from Ireland; and after being woven into cloth, was again sold in that country. The same writer adds: "Nor does their industry rest here; for they buy cotton wool in London, that comes from Cyprus and Smyrna, and work the same into fustians, vermillions, and dimities, which they return to London, where they are sold; and from thence, not seldom are sent into foreign parts, where the first material may be more easily had for that manufactured." Thus at the eve of England's great civil war, we find the first distinct notice of that which has since become her greatest manufacture.

A NEW VOLCANO.—M. Semeneff, a Russian traveller, has discovered a volcano in that part of Central Asia called Mantchoo Tartary. It exists in the districts of Ujun-Holdong, about nine and a half miles north of the village of Tomolshin, on the Emeze, and some 15 miles from the town of Mergen. In January, 1721, an eruption occurred there which lasted nine months; and again in May, 1722, another formidable eruption took place. This is the first account we have of these eruptions, and as the volcanoes in question are situated at a distance of over 600 miles from sea, the hitherto received theory that the proximity of the sea is an essential condition for the existence of volcanoes, is thus proved to have been fallacious.

THE LATE ACCIDENT AT LEGHORN.—The correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that by the accident at the theatre the deaths are known to exceed 150, although the *Monitore Toscano*, in a very ill-judged attempt to disguise the extent of the calamity, stated them to be only 43. The wounded are double that number. Not the least distressing part of the occurrence is the certainty that, had the people only preserved their presence of mind, not one life need have been lost. The arena is capable of holding 6,000 spectators; only 4,000 were present, and had they quietly fallen back and let the fire burn out, which it did in a few minutes, not the slightest injury would have been sustained.

AN IRISH GIANT IN AUSTRIA.—An hour or two before their Majesties of Austria went on board the steamer which took them to Pesth, Mr. Murphy, the Irish giant, had the honor of being admitted to their presence. The Empress conversed in English with Murphy, and acted as interpreter for the Emperor, who understands but little of the language. The giant, who was born in Down County, stands 7 feet 10 1/2 inches in his stockings, and probably produces the same effect on the persons who visit him as the Patagonians did on Magellan's sailors when they first got sight of them. A middle-sized man can stand with his hat on under Murphy's extended arm.

TICKETS OF LEAVE—NEW SYSTEM.—A new system has been adopted relative to the granting of tickets of leave to convicts. According to the new arrangement the convict is bound to report himself at the constabulary barrack of the district to which he proceeds after leaving the convict station, and an accurate description is there taken of him, such as would be given of a party whom it might be necessary to gazette in the "*Hue-and-Cry*." In the event of the convict desiring to remove to another district, he is to report the same to the police barrack, and again report himself at the barracks of the new district to which he removes.

SAMPLES OF COTTON FROM ALGERIA.—Mr. H. Fleming, of the Manchester Commercial Association, received from the Director of the Imperial Jardin d'Essais, at Algeria, several samples of cotton grown in that country, requesting the opinion of the association as to its value. It was also stated that any quantity of land suitable for the cultivation of cotton may be had in Algeria on highly favorable terms.

A HINT FOR THE DIVORCE BILL.—At Zurich, in former times, it was the custom, when a married couple applied for a divorce on account of incompatibility of temper, for the magistrates to shut up the pair for a fortnight in an isolated tower on the lake. Not only were they condemned to a common room, but they were supplied with only one bed, one chair, one knife and one fork, so that their comfort depended entirely on mutual complaisance. If, after the expiration of the fortnight, they persisted in their resolution, the tribunal ordered a serious examination of the case, and, if possible, the divorce. But in general the quarrelsome pair did not wait for the end of the trial to which they were subjected to become reconciled, and to request to be released.

IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURISTS.—A gardener at Glasgow practices a mode of destroying caterpillars, which he discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush; and when taken off was found covered by the leaf devouring insects. He immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

PRaisEWORTHY FIRMINess OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—A young man having committed a great crime in a fit of jealousy, his family had recourse to Josephine, who determined to solicit her august husband on his behalf. "It is the first favor of the kind I have ever asked of you," said she, "and you will, I hope, grant it." "I cannot," he replied. "Will you, then, refuse me?" "Yes, Madame, when it is known that I refused even you, no one else will think of applying."

THE HIGH PRICE OF SUGAR.—An open-air meeting was held in Church street, Hunslet, Leeds, (upwards of one thousand persons being present,) for the purpose of taking into consideration the present high price of sugar. Mr. William Peel presided. A resolution was unanimously carried pledging those present to abstain from using any, so far as is convenient to their families, until a reduction of at least 2d. per pound shall take place.

TENNYSON.—Those who have been looking for the new volume expected from Tennyson will learn that the publication has been postponed. The laureate has come to the conclusion that he has written too little for an independent publication, and although the poems have now for some time been in print, their appearance is to be delayed till they can be accompanied by others.

ANCIENT COIN.—A shilling coin of the reign of Queen Elizabeth was dug from the soil of a field in the neighborhood of Culleybackey lately. It bears date the year 1572, and is in a state of preservation quite as perfect as when struck from the mint. A smaller silver coin was found with it, but so much worn and otherwise defaced that its character cannot be deciphered.—*Ballymena Observer.*

A DISTINCTION.—Napoleon was one day searching for a book in the library of Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Monecy, who was present, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying: "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

CHILD MURDER IN HYDE-PARK—SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Mr. Bedford, the coroner, received information from the police of the murder of an infant, which had been discovered in the Serpentine River, by a large Newfoundland dog, which dragged the body, contained in a bundle, to the bank of the river.

THE NIGHT CHARGE.—Magistrate, "What has brought you here?" Prisoner, "Two policemen, your honor." "Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?" "Yes, sir, they were both drunk."

Marshal Castallane, a rigid disciplinarian, called out the garrison of Lyons one sultry day, and made them go through all the movements and incidents of a pitched battle on a small scale. In the midst of terrible volleys of musketry, executed at his orders, he observed two grenadiers who, overpowered by the heat and by exertion, had quietly fallen on the grass. He immediately rode up to them, bursting with rage, and exclaimed, "You cowardly scoundrels, what are you doing here? While your comrades are fighting, you are sleeping! Actually doing nothing?" "I beg your pardon, Marshal," said one of the grenadiers, "we are acting the slain in the battle." The Marshal smiled and turned his horse.

The Yeomen of the Guard is a corps of 140 strong, hardy, agile men. They rank next below the order of gentry. A yeoman is said to be a gentleman in the ore, whom the next generation may see refined. Henry VIII. had a body guard of 200 men, 100 having horses. It is a part of the duty of the yeomen to carry up the dishes to the royal table. Charles II. reduced the number of yeomen to 100. They take care of all the baggage when the Sovereign removes from one place to another. Their principal duty is, however, to keep the passages of the palaces clear on state day. The patronage lies with the Board of Green Cloth.

The fruit trees throughout France never presented a fairer promise. This is a matter of importance to the peasantry, for every peasant has a few choice pear trees, upon which he relies with as much confidence as a Dutchman on his cabbage patch, a Weathersfield girl on her onion bed, or universal Yankeeedom on its bean crop.

Here is a glance at the smallest winged creature to be found in Ireland—the golden crested wren: "The goldcrest is not only the most diminutive of our native birds, but also one of the most beautiful, and worthy indeed to top that apex of which the queenly hoopoe might be the base, already honored with its regal crown of rich orange, yellow, and velvety black. Widely distributed over our island, the goldcrest gives the preference to young plantations, woods, and shrubberies, where we observe it during all seasons, but chiefly in autumn, when accompanied by its young brood, it makes the branches of the old pines and hawthorns melodious by its singularly low, sweet song which sounds like an echo of some distant melody. Indeed, we are most inclined to name it the humming bird of our cold latitudes, as the sun, glancing upon the yellowish plumage and golden crest, when flitting from pine to pine, makes it rather resemble some creation of the insect world, with its song, ceaseless humming, than the smallest and most pleasing warblers. The nest is usually of a pendular form, remarkably elegant in its structure, and concealed by overhanging foliage. On being discovered in a low situation, and approached, the female flits about the vicinity, uttering her weak, sibilious cry.—*Natural History of the Birds of Ireland.*

The famous French periodical, the *Journal des Savans*, which is very nearly two hundred years old—an age perfectly astonishing in that unstable country—is about to undergo a change in its destinies. The Emperor has decreed that, instead of being under the control of the Minister of Justice, as it has hitherto been, it shall be placed under that of the Minister of Public Instruction. This change will not in any respect modify the character of the Journal, and will rather add to that diminish from that excellence which has secured it so high a place amongst the learned periodicals of Europe.

At the ancient village of Banada, in the parish of Kilmacree, county of Sligo, a hewn-stone tower rises magnificently above the green foliage that adorns the suburbs of the hamlet. During the last four hundred and thirty-four years this bold specimen of ancient Irish architecture has towered above the once noble but now ruined cloisters of the friary of Banada. This famous friary, dedicated to Corpus Christi, was founded in 1423, for Ermites of the rule of St. Augustine, by a zealous brother of the order, and it flourished two hundred years!

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his Majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the King. "I caused it to be given out, sire," returned Fenelon, "that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God and who to flatter the King."

The largest chain in the world is that about to be used in the operation of raising the ships sunk at Sebastopol. It is two hundred yards long and each link weighs three hundred pounds. It was manufactured at the Reading Forge, Reading, Pa. The value of the material to be furnished by the Russian government to be used in raising the fleet will be about a million and a half of dollars.

The new Lecture Hall, Trinity College, which has been in progress for the last two years, is now fast approaching completion, and, from its exceedingly handsome appearance, and the style in which the works have been carried out, it is calculated to reflect great credit, not only on Trinity College but on Dublin itself.

Along the Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin to Cork, a distance of 165 miles, the grass of the embankments and ditches on each side has been sold by contract to various persons, at the average rate of about 25 per mile, yielding a clear, profitable income to the company of nearly £1,000.

The *Estafette* says that crinoline dresses having been largely employed to smuggle goods into Paris, without paying the octroi duties, women are about to be employed at the various offices of the barrier to make a personal examination of all females wearing crinoline.

A hundred electric clocks are about to be established in Brussels. The municipal authorities have acquainted the inhabitants of some of the streets that the wires will run along the top of their houses, and call upon them to allow the workmen to make the necessary arrangements.

The University of Helsingfors has just lost by death a student who passed for being the senior university student in Europe. He was 71 years of age, had lived celibate, and could never be induced to quit the university—to him a true *alma mater*.

Nearly £300 has been collected at the Cape of Good Hope in aid of the sufferers by the loss of the ship *Joseph Smith*, which was destroyed by fire off the Island of Tristan d'Aounha.

"Martial qualities," said the Emperor Napoleon, "are only required at certain times and under certain circumstances: civil virtues, which characterize the true magistrate, have a never-ceasing influence on the public weal."

The festival in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the Austrian Military Order of Maria Theresa has been celebrated with extraordinary pomp.

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

There are, in Austria, 218 colleges, where 54,186 pupils are taught by 2,756 professors, of whom 1,578 are ecclesiastics, and 1,177 laymen.

HOME MISCELLANY.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE AMERICANS?—Any one who has advertised for an "American cook," or an "American coachman," or an "American gardener," or any American, in these times, has had an opportunity of learning the extreme scarcity of American domestics of all descriptions. Irish and Germans have entirely engrossed that kind of labor, while an American servant, in this section of the country, unless he is colored, is almost as rarely seen as one of Turkish or Chinese descent. Even in New England they complain that the race of Yankees is running out, and foreigners are taking their places. The Springfield *Republican* says that their farms are now operated by Irishmen; that the heaviest classes of manufacturing establishments have gradually changed the constituents of their operative force until from seventy to eighty-five per cent. is foreign—Irish, Scotch and German; that in the Glasgow mills at Hadley Falls, seventy per cent. of the operatives are foreign, and that in Holyoke the proportion is greater. The *Republican* is concerned to know what has become of all the Yankees.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.—An old man, in his sixty-first year, from the eastward, started from Neillsville, to go to his son-in-law's house, who was standing near and saw him go, but did not recognize him. The old gentleman got into the woods, became bewildered, and for nine days wandered about with nothing but cranberries to eat, and water, of which he drank often. After he had been gone two or three days, and it was discovered that he was lost, the population turned out and searched for him in every direction, but could not find the least trace of his track, and it was only expected that some hunter would one day find his bones. The second Sunday from the time he left, the old man made his appearance on the east fork of Black River, about sixteen miles from where he started. He first entered a deserted logger's camp, where had been left some flour and meat, but such was his honesty he would not touch it. He finally came to the house of Mr. James Yates, by whom he was kindly cared for. He appeared quite vigorous even then, except that his feet and legs were badly swollen.—*Wisconsin Paper.*

THE LATE SECRETARY MARCY.—Very few even of Mr. Marcy's most intimate friends suspected the existence of the disorder which proved fatal to him. Yet for thirty years he had suffered occasionally from what he called a stitch in his side, and during the two last years of his official life he was several times taken suddenly ill in his office with an affection which appeared to alarm him considerably during the few minutes while it lasted. At such periods he would turn pale and complain of nausea; but as soon as they were over, he would forget all about them, and become outwardly as cheerful as ever. He, however, was evidently impressed, by the recurrence of these attacks, with the fragility of his hold on life, and on the Sunday before his death, when apparently enjoying perfect health, and indulging in pleasant anticipations of his European tour, he observed to a friend who spoke to him of his Presidential prospects in 1860, "Do not speak on that subject; I shall not live to see the election of another President."

INHUMAN SPORT.—Two persons, possessing the shape and features of men, residing in the vicinity of Smithville, lately committed one of the most beastly and inhuman acts it is possible to conceive. They each owned a stud horse, and each supposed that his animal was superior to the other's in every respect, and to decide the matter set the two horses fighting, the bargain being that the horse which kicked the longest was to be declared the victor, and the owner was to take the money staked. The horses kicked and hit each other in a most horrible manner, tearing out pieces of flesh six inches and nine in measurement, the result of which was that both were killed on the spot. One of the horses was valued at \$200 and the other at \$190, the former being declared the winner, because after both had fallen he continued to kick the air over the prostrate form of his antagonist. If there are any Christian magistrates or people possessing humanity living in that neighborhood, the above ought to be investigated, and the offenders brought to justice.

A MISSOURIAN'S TRAVELLING BAG.—During the session of the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, a delegate having taken breakfast at the St. Charles, walked up to the counter and demanded his bill. He was asked what he had had? and the reply was—"Six brandy-cock-tails, tea and toast." This, so far as breakfast is concerned, is without a parallel. But an incident recently came under our observation well worthy to go down to immortality with it. A gentleman from Missouri was in attendance at Lexington at the laying of the corner-stone of the Clay Monument on the Fourth, and his baggage undergoing investigation was found to consist of a carpet sack containing four bottles of whiskey and two revolvers, one shirt, and two collars. One of his travelling companions said that the shirt had been put in simply to keep the bottles from breaking.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

DEATH OF "WILD CAT."—From a letter in the San Antonio *Telegram*, dated Laredo, Texas, we learn that "Wild Cat," the celebrated Seminole Chief, who gave the United States so much trouble in Florida during the Seminole war, is dead, he, with forty of his followers, having fallen victims to the small pox.

WHAT YOUNG MEN MAY BECOME.—The Albany *Register*, in a series of articles dedicated to the young men of Albany, gives a long list of examples of young men patiently working on a small business at a moderate profit, and becoming in due time wealthy and honored. We quote: "Twenty-one years ago, Long John Wentworth came to Chicago on foot with a bundle on his back. He was then about twenty-one. The Chicago *Democrat* was then about a year old, and Wentworth entered the office as a petty scribbler. The whole paper was a joint stock affair, and the editor dying, John was put in charge of the concern. Little by little he bought up the stock of the paper, and after a year or so he became sole editor and proprietor. Since then he has been to Congress, and is now Mayor of Chicago. He is worth at least three or four hundred thousand dollars, and his *Democrat* has modelled the politics of Northern Illinois."

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY, IF TRUE.—A young man in Knox County, Illinois, who early applied himself to the study of the principles of electricity, and who had succeeded in rendering it a motive power, to take the place of steam, has also discovered a method of telegraphing without the aid of wires—using the earth as a conductor. By this means he can send messages across rivers, lakes, or oceans; and vessels at sea, by having a telegraph apparatus on board, can telegraph to those on land, by simply letting a wire from the instrument touch the water. He has practically demonstrated the fact, and applied for a patent for the discovery. This is an age of scientific wonders.—*Peoria Statesman.*

HOW TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.—The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this: The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water; then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom: the result is, that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.—*James Cuthill.*

SALE OF PRESIDENT MADISON'S REAL ESTATE IN VIRGINIA.—The magnificent estate of the late President Madison, known as "Montpelier," and advertised for sale for some weeks past, was sold to Thomas J. Carson, Esq., for \$30,250, or \$32 per acre. This property lies near the foot of the Blue Ridge, which is connected by railroad with Richmond and Alexandria. The mansion house is large and elegant, with a front of 150 feet, and the tract has on it all the improvements and buildings necessary to the operations of a large farm.—*Baltimore American.*

FIRE CRACKERS RENDERED USEFUL.—These Chinese explosives, for which no useful service greater than producing noise on the celebration of the Fourth of July have heretofore been discovered, have at last been applied to practical account. In some of the New England States caterpillars are destroyed with them. The way is to place one end of a split pole, thrust it into the nest, and knock them all to finders. It will take sometimes two or three crackers to demolish a large nest, though for small collections a single explosion is sufficient.

LAMP OIL ON FRUIT TREES.—The Jefferson County *Jeffersonian*, N. Y., says: "Mr. Samuel Allen whose farm is situated on the town-line dividing Oakland and Lake Mills, informed us that he had lost his entire young fruit orchard, of 300 trees, many of them bearing fruit, by applying lamp oil to prevent them from being gnawed by rabbits and mice during the winter." We think a coat of plaster, made of leached ashes and lime, spread over the bark of the tree, near the ground, and a small quantity of ashes on the ground near the tree, the best protection yet discovered.

FIDELITY OF A SAVAGE.—Back's party, in their land expedition to the Arctic regions, suffered, in common with the Indians, from the want of food. It is doubtful that they would have lived through the intense cold of the winter but for the generous friendship of a great chief, Akaitcho. This noble savage brought to Back game, and gave it, saying: "The great chief trusts in us, and it is better that ten Indians perish than that one white man should perish through our negligence and breach of faith."

A POINTED BLOW.—An invalid sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, &c., he thus summed them up: "No, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the cause of my ailment if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor; and, lifting his cane, he demolished a decanter of gin that stood upon the side-board.

DEATH OF THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Mr. Miles Darden, who died at his residence in Henderson County, was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seven men to put him in his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet four inches.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

HEAVY FLEECER.—The Dover (Me.) *Observer* says that Mr. Daniel H. Guilford sheared from one sheep nine pounds of wool of the nicest quality.

MORE KALLOCHS.—At the rate things go on there will soon be few of that three thousand clergymen out of the State Prison, provided they all have their deserts. The last case of seduction, which makes the fifty-second of these pure political vagrants charged with some abominable crime, we find in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which records the downfall of another political preacher, known as the Rev. Joseph Barclay. At the recent term of the court in Carroll County, Ohio, he was found guilty of the seduction and breach of promise of marriage to Elizabeth Sharp, and mulcted in damages to the value of \$5,000.

A MILITARY SUGGESTION.—At the recent gathering at Lexington, it was suggested by several military officers that a grand review of all the volunteer companies in the United States be held at some suitable time on the prairies of Illinois, and be reviewed by the President of the United States and General Scott and staff. A grand suggestion.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.—A gentleman residing in Boston has lost a member of his family every Fourth of July for the last four years. His two sons and his wife have died on that day in successive years, and on the last his little daughter, aged five years, was seized with convulsive fits, in the second of which she died.

SALE OF VIRGINIA LAND.—Within the last three or four weeks, no less than \$100,000 worth of land in the immediate vicinity of Fredericksburg has been disposed of to persons from abroad, who intend to settle permanently in that section of the country; there are now numerous applications to owners to sell.

THE COST OF LETTING A HAUNTED HOUSE.—In Marion County, Ohio, recently, one man sued another for the rent of a house. On the trial, evidence was adduced that the house was haunted; and the jury decided that the defendant be paid fifteen dollars (\$15) as damages, instead of paying rent!

SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—The committee at the last Southern Convention (held at Savannah, Ga.), have called another to assemble in Knoxville, Tenn., on the second Monday in August.

QUEER TASTE.—A number of members of a Methodist congregation in Indianapolis have withdrawn from it because the old fashion of seating males and females on separate seats has been abandoned.

The Philadelphia *North American* says the Mormons in Utah are by no means so numerous as they endeavor to make the world believe. In the early part of the year 1853, the Mormons estimated their strength in Utah at from 30,000 to 35,000, but at the fall conference of that year, as appears from a regular census, they did not come up to 19,000. According to information obtained from the Mormon agency in St. Louis, in 1855, the emigration of 1854 was only about 3,500, 3,800 was the sum total reported as shipped from Liverpool in 1855, and 3,000 only were intended to be sent over the Plains the same year. Making a fair allowance for the loss and gain, the population in 1855 was estimated by B. G. Ferris at 28,500. From these slender figures they have gone on magnifying their population until they have actually induced most persons to believe it one hundred thousand. At the present time it does not reach 40,000.

The Commercial *Bulletin*, of New Orleans, denies that the crowds who assembled to see the filibuster Walker, on his arrival from Nicaragua, afford any evidence of the popularity of filibusterism in that quarter. Curiosity, and the popular desire for sight-seeing, in its opinion, will fully account for the demonstration. The truth is, the *Bulletin* adds, there is no city in the country of the size of New Orleans where a lion will not always draw a crowd. It makes not a bit of difference, so far as the crowd is concerned, whether the said lion is a veritable four-legged animal from Africa, Lola Montes, Kossuth, Barnum, the mermaid, hippopotamus, giraffe, an ex-President, or any other notability.

The tomb of Franklin—if a plain flagstone even with the earth can be so called—is concealed from public view by a venerable brick wall at the corner of Fifth and Mulberry streets, Philadelphia. The remains of the lightning philosopher are deposited there in the old burial ground belonging to Christ Church. An appropriate monument has been accidentally reared above them in the shape of a telegraph post, and the lightning is at constant play over, if not under, the eye of the man who first chained it to the earth.

Mr. David Rowe, of Lancaster Pennsylvania, has discovered a process for preserving green corn in the ear, by which it does not become corrupt or mouldy, but retains all the juice and taste, and other qualities of the milky grain. He plugs the ear of corn in roasting-ear time, and places it on the table in the winter season, either shelled or in ears, with all the tender and delicious qualities of the fresh grain; and in this state it is claimed to be a much cheaper and more desirable dish than the ordinary boiled and dried (Shaker) corn, or hominy.

Some years ago, a fellow was sentenced to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion. "What!" said the convict, coolly, "an I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

The aristocracy of wealth is ridiculously absurd, while that of dress is ludicrously ridiculous.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* publishes the particulars of the exposure of a pilfering dry goods dealer, worth property amounting to \$40,000, and who pretends to a rigid church membership. Affecting bad health, he habitually wore an ample cloak, and under its friendly drapery would conceal his ill-gotten booty, purloined from other premises during the momentary absence of their custodians.

Over ten thousand passengers were transported over the Providence and Worcester Railroad on the Fourth of July. Not the slightest accident occurred during the day. This is the largest number of persons that ever went over the road in one day, with the exception of July 4, 1852, when eleven thousand one hundred passengers were carried over it.

A colored boy in New Orleans, only ten years of age, has been convicted of the murder of a playmate, and is now awaiting the fixed day for his execution. The papers intimate that he will pretty certainly be executed. He laughs when told that he is to be hanged, and in other ways exhibits a sort of idiotic unconcern.

The Manchester (Mass.) *Bay State* says that ten years ago, ten young ladies who were attending school in that city, agreed with their teacher, Miss Stearns, to meet in just ten years and have a supper at the Worcester House. Nothing but death was to interfere with the meeting of the full number. On the appointed night the promise was fulfilled.

Boys are frequently in the habit of annoying idiots and eccentric people by vociferating after them and calling them names in the streets. They and their parents should know, that such improper conduct is not only reprehensible in the eyes of decency and Christian charity, but that it is also amenable to the law.

At the recent Commencement of Antioch College, the President Horace Mann, stated that he had received a letter from a young man in Indiana who had been invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration, asking him to write his speech for him, closing his application by offering two dollars for the production.

The late Dr. Noah Webster, author of the "American Dictionary," and numerous other important works, when he came to die, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, spoke of his long life as one of uniform enjoyment, because filled up at every stage with active labor for some valuable end.

Keokuk is one of the most flourishing cities on the Mississippi river. Its population is 15,000. It has reached this in an incredible short time, and if it progresses in the same ratio at which it has thus advanced in five years it will be a large city; and in twice that period it will be ranked among the greatest cities of the United States.

An incorrigibly drunken old woman before the magistrates on the old charge, begged hard to be let off this time, and she would never offend again. "If your worship will but forgive me I will leave the town at once," said she, and take a policeman with me."

It is difficult to conceive how a person can be otherwise than happy who is always engaged in a useful avocation. And it is just as difficult to imagine how one can be otherwise than unhappy whose life is spent in useless idleness or injurious dissipation.

In St. John, N. B., on the fourth of July, the American vessels in the harbor, some twenty in number, displayed their national ensigns, and their officers and crews commemorated the anniversary in the best way they could, under the circumstances.

The Boston *Transcript* says that the graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts, are in the Grozny Burial Ground in Boston, without monuments to mark them.

A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as that tail was long enough "not to be continued."

Over the drop curtain of the Lexington (Kentucky) Theatre are these words: "The Theatre has in every age exhibited the vice and folly of society, rather than created them."

Edwin Forrest declines an invitation to return to Chicago for an engagement, on the plea that he once said he would never appear there again.

Capt. Drayton, who recently committed suicide in New-Bedford, Massachusetts, was for several years the inmate of a dungeon in the District of Columbia.

The affection of daughters for their fathers, and of sons for their mothers, of which we frequently see striking cases, are beautiful instances of a sort of cross play in nature.

The Indians in Florida all told, men, women and children, hardly muster 300 in number, while the men able to bear arms are less than half a hundred.

The sale of lands by the Illinois Central Company for the third week in June were \$170,000, making \$454,000 for the three weeks, against \$244,000 in all June last year.

Hon. Caleb Cushing has presented a portrait of Washington to the city government of Newburyport.

Among the guests at the Weddell House, Cleveland, lately, were Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell and family, and young Snodgrass.

Twenty thousand dollars in gold, and a larger amount in bills, were stolen from the bank at Frederickton, N. B., on Saturday, the 27th ult.

NEW YORK TABLET.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

At the Office, 164 William Street,

NEW YORK.

TERMS:

Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance.....\$2 50
Served by Carrier..... 3 00
Five Copies (to one address)..... 8 00
Single Copies..... 6 cents.
U. S. Postage added to Canadian and Old Country Subscribers.

Subscribers who have paid in advance for the *Tablet* will be served to the expiration of their term with the *Tablet*.

Subscribers indebted from the 1st of January will forward their subscriptions to us.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE NEW YORK TABLET.

Transient Advertisements, each insertion, 10 cents per line.
Yearly Card of six lines or less.....\$ 12 00
Square of twenty lines, yearly..... 30 00
Half a Column, "..... 125 00
A Column, "..... 200 00
* All Letters and Communications should be addressed to the "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William Street, New York.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, '87.

BAYARD TAYLOR ON MORALITY IN SWEDEN.

The average morality of Protestant and Catholic countries has been always a favorite theme of Sectarian Controversialists. If we except the silly argument based upon the commercial prosperity of England and the United States, as compared with that of Spain, Italy, or Ireland, we believe there is no subject which has drawn forth more violent declamation against the Catholic religion and its ministers. "Look at Paris," said the fanatic, closing the pages of some traveller who depended upon fancy more than upon fact for the sale of his wares, "and see how the conjugal relation is disregarded." "Look at London," said his opponent, "and see how Crime hacks with Braveries hands at all social order and civilization." And so the quarrel went, the former indebted for his positive ignorance, if we may use the term, not to authenticated police *exposés* or prison reports, but to some anonymous libeller, and the latter fortified with the confessions of the English Press and the "Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled." When the controversy passed to Northern and Southern Europe, Laing of course was quoted, and the matter of temperance introduced; but by this time Mr. Fanatic was sure to be off on some by-way of reasoning as tortuous as a snake's track, and remonstrance was become unavailing.

For this class of persons, we have at our finger's end a short clipping from a recent letter of Bayard Taylor, which we present to them in the utmost good nature. It needs no introduction, as it speaks for itself:

"After writing of the manners of Stockholm, I must not close this letter without saying a few words about its morals. It has been called the most licentious city in Europe, and, I have no doubt, with the most perfect justice. Vienna may surpass it in the amount of conjugal infidelity, but certainly not in general incontinence. Very nearly half the *seduced* birds are illegitimate, to say nothing of the illegitimate children born in wedlock. Of the servant-girls, shop-girls and seamstresses in the city, it is very safe to say that scarcely one out of a hundred is chaste, while, as rakish young Swedes have coolly informed me, a large proportion of respectable parentage, belonging to the middle class, are not much better. The men, of course, are much worse than the women, and even in Paris one sees fewer physical signs of excessive debauchery. Here, the number of broken-down young men, and bleary-eyed, hoary sinners, is astonishing. I have never been in any place where licentiousness was so open and avowed—and yet, where the slang of a sham morality was so prevalent."

What is said of Vienna, in so far as it places it below Stockholm, is said, as the reader will note, with remarkable vagueness, as Mr. Taylor has had, we believe, no means of informing himself on private family affairs in that capital; but what he says of Stockholm is said on the authority of official statistics, which everybody may read and nobody can mutilate. Any figures which we have ever seen, do not justify Mr. Taylor's conjecture in regard to the respect paid to the marriage sacrament in Vienna; but we can well afford to pass by his remarks on that subject, when we consider the candor and want of hesitancy which distinguish the remainder of his letter.

It would be unfair to suppose that the whole population of Sweden are as morally debased as the residents of its Capital, just as it would be unfair to determine the moral status of England by the 80,000 professional street-walkers of London, or the depravity of the United States, by the depravity of Boston or New York. Great centres of traffic are always great centres of licentiousness, and cities since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah have far outdone the country in contributing to the majestic army of the Devil, which is represented by the poet as walking with Night upon its rear,

— "While the Dawn
Lights its broad front, and leads the battle on."

But if it would be incorrect to yoke the crimes of the Capital on the necks of the peasantry it is perfectly proper to institute a comparison between Sweden and Ireland. The former with a population of three millions three hundred thousand Lutherans, and a winter nine months long, and the latter with nearly six millions of Catholics, and a temperate climate, differ as widely as the Zenith and the Nadir from each other. Taking Mr. Taylor at his word *any three streets of Stockholm furnish more illegitimate children to the world than all Ireland!* When female honor, the most sensitive fibre in the social fabric, is at such a sad discount we may form some idea of the number of crimes known to statute law. It was but yesterday that white gloves were distributed to the Sheriffs of Irish Counties to celebrate calendars without criminals, and here we have Mr. Taylor endorsing Laing's estimate of Lutheran righteousness as seen in Sweden. *O tempora! O mores!*

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FILLIBUSTERS.

If the readers of Irish American journals are, as a class, zealous supporters of the Democracy, they are also, as a class, zealous opponents of fillibusterism, whether attempted in Cuba, prosecuted in Central America, or killed in the inception as in Sonora. In the late Presidential canvass their voice was indeed loudest in adulation of the Democratic party; their time was lavishly expended in its services; their purses paid liberally for the banners and the buncombe; but under the foam of their patriotism ran a strong undertow of dissatisfaction to the "manifest destiny" clause of the Cincinnati Platform. Hidden as it was, it was no less strong than if it had made its mark in the current of the controversy; and now when the reasons which urged them to dissemble have lost their force—when a Democratic President and a Democratic Cabinet are in power—when whatever success the Republicans and Know-Nothings gained has been annulled to a great extent by the national victory—it would be paying a disparaging compliment to their independence to suppose that their devotion to party cries in time of war should militate against their right to a respectful hearing in time of peace. We repeat, Irish-Americans, as a body, have no sympathy with fillibusters, or their abettors, and those gentlemen, whether foraging with arms in their hands or pulling the wires behind official screens, are both equally obnoxious to them.

The Irish vote in Wisconsin is a sufficient evidence of this fact. The same vote in the Northern part of this State confirms it. And in 1860, unless the leaders of the Democracy make some effort to destroy the principles which every Irish Catholic who knows his duty to his fellow-men respects, or eschew brigandage and brigands, they will, we fear, have reason to believe that whatever infallibility Irish-Americans concede to their Church, they entertain no conscientious scruples against refusing implicit obedience to their party.

We have no fault to find with the present Administration. Whatever it has done has received the general approval of adopted citizens. They have had no chance, yet, to form an opinion upon its Foreign Appointments. But if the despatches from Washington to our daily papers be true—if the Cabinet has really allowed Walker to go about recruiting for the purpose of levying war again upon

the people of Nicaragua that it may drive a trade with him in the matter of the Transit route at some future day—it has placed a wedge between itself and adopted citizens, which its enemies may clinch home with advantage.

What says the *Daily News* on the subject? Are the Washington Letter writers misinformed? or does devotion to Democracy mean devotion to Walker and the like of him? Speak out. The deception of which Xeuxis was an admirable example in his art, is, surely, not necessary to attract us to the patent beauties of Democracy.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTREAL.

SUNDAY week last being the 12th of July was solemnized by the Orangemen in Montreal, or at least attempted to be solemnized, with great display. It was advertised, it seems, some days before that "a sermon appropriate to the occasion" would be preached on that day by a certain Digby A. Campbell—we shrink from prostituting the word *Reverend* by using it in connection with the name of such a man. It was well understood that large numbers of Orangemen had gathered into the city for the celebration, and rumors were current that on Monday there was to be one of those grand processions honorably known and designated in Ireland as "Orange Walks." But it seems the sturdy Irish Catholics of Montreal were determined to have their word to say in the matter, and when it was found that early on Sunday morning—oh, woful desecration of God's holy day!—the hated Orange flag was hung out from the upper windows of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, in one of the principal streets of the city, then did the memory of whole ages of slaughter connected with that blood-stained rag, come into the hearts and souls of those who would forget these things if their insatiate foe would only let them. All the day crowds were gathering around corners, and filling up the thoroughfares in the neighborhood of the Odd-Fellows' Hall—the excitement increased every moment—the wearers of Orange lilies were everywhere hunted and despoiled of their gaudy insignia—the whole city was agitated, and people began to apprehend the most serious consequences,—shots were repeatedly fired at the obnoxious flag, and many a stout, true-hearted Irishman was heard to say, around the building, that he would lose his life on the spot, or see that odious banner torn down. The authorities took the alarm, and prevailed on the loyal Orangemen to take in their flag. This was accordingly done a little after five o'clock in the afternoon to the great satisfaction of the indignant and outraged multitude, and the severe discomfiture of the bullies who had been so wofully out in their reckoning as to the amount of Irish influence in Montreal. The people soon after quietly dispersed, having no desire to provoke a contest without actual necessity, and quite satisfied that they had sufficiently impressed the Orangemen with the conviction that Montreal was no place for their anti-Catholic demonstrations. It is needless to state that there was no procession next day, and it is the common opinion in the city that these wretched disturbers of the public peace—these godless profaners of the Sabbath, were reasonably well pleased to escape with whole bones from the Papist city. It is to be hoped that they shook its unhallowed dust off their Orange shoes on leaving, for they must have found it rather hot for their liking. When they next visit Quebec in a friendly way to transact business (!) we rather think they will make a *detour* to avoid its inhospitable sister—the island queen of the St. Lawrence.

FREE WILL—AFTER A FASHION.—A Society of Free Will Baptists in a town of Michigan have expelled a deacon from communion with their "Church"—because he denied the right of "free will" to his neighbors? no,—because he voted for Buchanan at the last election! We presume this body, finding it inconsistent to interfere in religious questions with the views of its members, has adopted a political platform as a bond of unity. "Anything in a shift."

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF MONTREAL.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The Congregational Convent, Montreal.—Deaf and Dumb Institution.—Maria-Villa.—St. Mary's College.—Montreal College.

MONTREAL, July 14, 1887.

The middle and latter part of July is always a stirring season amongst the Catholics of Montreal. It is the close of the scholastic year, when, in view of the tropical heat of the Canadian dog-days, the various schools and colleges send home their pupils to take a *sieste* of six weeks or so in the quiet and comfort of their respective homes. One after another our educational institutions hold their grand demonstration, distributing the rewards of merit amongst their pupils with all the simple pomp which Catholic tradition has prescribed for such occasions. Happy the city which has such institutions to watch over the moral and intellectual culture of its future citizens (and *citizenesses*!) and to do Montreal justice, its Catholic population seems fully to appreciate these advantages.

This year the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady were the first to hold their distribution, which came off on Thursday, the 9th, in presence of a large concourse of visitors, including His Lordship Bishop Tache of the Red River settlement, many of our venerated clergy, and a number of our most distinguished citizens. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was very fine, considering that some of the performers were mere children. Amongst the entertainments, there was a French drama performed by the pupils. It was founded on an incident in the medieval history of Spain, during the Moorish period, or rather just after its close, one of the principal characters being a Moorish princess, a captive in the hands of the Christian queen. It was very interesting and very instructive, and the youthful performers acquitted themselves with much grace and propriety. At the conclusion an address was read also in French by one of the young ladies, which was responded to by his Lordship Bishop Tache, followed in a short but eloquent address by the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Superintendent of Public Schools. Several tables were laid out in the adjoining rooms with specimens of the young ladies' needle work, both plain and fancy, the names of each being affixed to their own pieces.

In the afternoon we had the very great pleasure of witnessing the distribution of prizes at one of the most interesting institutions in Canada, viz., that of the Deaf and Dumb, under the direction of the good Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence. This excellent institution is located at Long Point, some few miles down the river, but on this occasion, the distribution took place in town for the greater convenience of the friends and patrons of the house. It was, to most of those present, a new and very pleasing scene. The young girls so heavily stricken by the paternal hand of our common Father were all ranged on a sort of stage, and there was something inexpressibly solemn in the sight of their calm motionless features, and the sorrowful expression depicted on the faces of some—not all, however, for I was agreeably surprised by the cheerfulness and animation manifested by several of the young ladies. One of the good Sisters, who devotes herself to the instruction of these young people, acted as interpreter, and by her means, the clergymen and others who were present examined the pupils in the various branches of education, they, for the most part, writing their answers (which they did with much ease) on black boards placed behind them on the stage. The most accomplished of the pupils is Miss Hanly of Montreal—who is well prepared to make an excellent teacher of persons afflicted like herself—next to her was Miss McGilveray of Bytown, Miss Kennedy of New York, and Miss McCarthy of St. John's, N. B. These young ladies manifested an extraordinary degree of intelligence, and answered promptly every question put to them, either by signs or by writing. Miss Hanly gave us a most affecting pantomimic representation of the Passion, and the same young lady, with the others already mentioned and one or two more, went through the Martyrdom of the Maccabees with wonderful accuracy and much feeling. One of the smaller girls—I think one of the Miss McCarthys—for, strange to say there are three of that name from the same city—favored us with a very good farce in the shape of a gentleman's complete toilet, shaving, of course, included, to the great amusement of the spectators. The prizes being duly distributed and

the most distinguished honored with floral crowns, the audience separated apparently much pleased with their entertainment, every one agreeably surprised to find that charity can succeed in cultivating the hitherto hopeless intelligence of this most interesting class of our fellow-creatures, and even enable them to correspond with their relatives and friends—having, when absent, precisely the same advantages as those who have perfect command of their vocal organs.

On Monday, the 13th, we had another pleasant afternoon at Maria-Villa, the far-famed boarding-school of the Congregation, delightfully situated on the side of the mountain from which Montreal (Mt. Royal) takes its name. No stranger of any taste can leave our city without paying a visit to this beautiful place, which was very lately the residence of our governors. Protestants and strangers still call it Monklands, but amongst Catholics it is known by the beautiful name of Maria-Villa, given it by the Sisters of the Congregation when some few years ago they purchased it of the provincial government for thirty-six thousand dollars. Large as the building necessarily was, consisting of a centre and two spacious wings, the nuns have been obliged to enlarge it considerably, and many tasteful alterations have been made in and around the house. Over the grand entrance we now see a beautiful statue of Our dear Lady, whose gracious image, indeed, meets the visitor at every turn—in the quietest and most shady nooks, in the brightest and sunniest glades, the elegant taste and filial piety of the Sisterhood have placed this precious image, as it were, to consecrate their grounds, and give a holier charm to the sylvan scenes so lovely of themselves. Within the house, the visitor cannot help being struck by the baronial grandeur of the halls and salons, with glass doors and lofty windows opening on galleries, and verandahs commanding a series of the fairest and most picturesque landscapes. What a temple for the arts and sciences—what a place to form the taste and enrich the imagination, and elevate the soul—as all education ought to do—beyond the things that are merely "of the earth." Here, while studying and cultivating their minds under the guidance of their pious and accomplished teachers, the young votaries of science may easily learn to read the great book of nature whose magnificent pages are spread before them—they may easily be taught to

"Look thro' Nature up to Nature's God."

We have, thank God! many noble Conventual institutions in Canada and the United States devoted to the instruction of youth, but there is, there can be, none to exceed our Maria-Villa either in the beauty and extent of its grounds, the comfort and elegance of its apartments, or the salubrity of its air, placed as it is high on the mountain side with the great St. Lawrence winding along in front with some of its world-famous rapids in sight.

The distribution of yesterday (Monday) was just what might be expected. Some very good specimens of composition were read both in French and English. *Fabiola*, in its dramatized form, was ably performed by a large number of the young ladies, many of whom did their parts to perfection. In the musical department we had some splendid pieces performed in a finished style; one of these was executed by 22 hands. We had also some very good vocal music—Miss Connell of Salem, who last year finished her course at Maria-Villa, sang with much effect one of Moore's sweet sacred songs: "There's Nothing True but Heaven." There were also some very fine choruses, chiefly *cantiques* sung in very good style by the young ladies.

Many of the pupils distinguished themselves on this occasion. The gold medal or prize of excellence was awarded to Miss King of Boston, and Miss Reaubien. A Medal was also given to Miss McCulloch, Montreal—this young lady being now a pretulant of the community, her medal was received by the Mistress of the Novices. Four of the pupils were presented with white roses as having finished their superior course: these were Miss Walsh of Montreal, Miss King and Miss Lennon of Boston, and Miss Kearney of Albany. Many of the first prizes were obtained by young ladies from the United States—amongst these we noticed, in addition to those already mentioned, the Misses Rogers, Wilt, Moore (Portland), Powell (Boston), Ellen Connell (Salem), O'Keefe (Worcester), the Misses Calaroe (Boston), and Coghlan (late of Brooklyn).

I am happy to say, however, that our own city kept its ground nobly—in this generous

emulation for the rewards of industry and application—Miss Walsh, the Misses Howard, Miss Sarah McCulloch, and many others, ably sustained the honor of their city, not to speak of the French Canadians, several of whom obtained prizes for English studies, as many of the English-speaking portion did for French. I was glad to see that a number of young ladies both here and in the house in town, received prizes for Domestic Economy. At the close a valedictory address was read by one of the young ladies, to which the Superior of the Seminary replied in brief but very eloquent terms.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the grand distribution took place in St. Mary's College, and the exercises were, as usual, of the very highest character. People here always look for something more interesting in the way of literary composition and oratorical display at the Jesuits' than almost anywhere else, and on this occasion, the audience consisting of most of the *élite* of Montreal, were by no means disappointed. The subject of Capital Choosing was very appropriately selected, the peculiar claims of the rival Canadian Cities being ably and forcibly maintained by so many young gentlemen. Mr. John P. Kelly spoke and spoke well for Toronto, Mr. D. Murray for his native city of Quebec, Mr. A. E. Jones of Brockville stated the case for the spirited and thriving little city of Ottawa; Kingston was well represented by Mr. B. O'Hara of Montreal, while the apparently paramount advantages of Montreal were clearly and eloquently set forth by Mr. H. Hudon of this city. An ingenious and humorous address was delivered by Mr. L. Perrault of Montreal, in favor of the Ambulatory system of government. This discourse gave much amusement to the audience by whom the clever young orator was loudly applauded all through.

The venerable and time-honored College of Montreal, under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers, held its distribution on the same day. As I was unable to attend on the occasion I am not in a position to say much of the proceedings, but from those who were present, as well as from our Catholic press, we learn with great satisfaction that its pupils amply sustained the traditional character of the Institution. A very large number of young gentlemen obtained prizes, and the reward of excellence was bestowed on Mr. Cornelius O'Leary of your city.

I am, Mr Editor,
Yours, &c., HIBERNICA.

BALLS AND DANCES.

These are assemblies of persons of both sexes, and are principally composed of young men and women, who move in measured pace, according to rule, to the sound of musical instruments, in order to procure and impart pleasure. These amusements derive their origin from the rites of Paganism of which they formed the chief attraction.

Heated with wine and excitement, men and women danced, revelled and sung hymns in honor of Bacchus. Thus too the Egyptians celebrated their worship of Apis. Imitating the Egyptians, the Hebrews feasted at the golden calf and prolonged the impious festival by licentious dances. In primitive times the men danced to songs in the public places; afterwards, they used flutes and other instruments. From the public places these exercises became fashionable in theatres and thence found their way to the palaces of princes.

In modern times, dances have spread on all sides with the increasing spirit of pride and folly. In cities, the rage for pleasure and display of dress augments their popularity. In the decorated and brilliantly-illuminated saloons of the rich the people of fashion give their select parties; young persons in very elegant and very often in very indecent attire are commonly conducted to these by parents or friends. Other dances take place in dram-shops, and in the dark haunts of infamy, the retreats of young larkies; and are continued there till late at night. Young females go there and return only with their partner in the dance, whilst the parents at home pursue their ordinary occupations, or sleep, in security, as it were, without troubling themselves about the dangers to which the virtue of their imprudent daughters is exposed in these assemblies and afterwards. In whatever place, however, these profane amusements are held, they should not be viewed otherwise than as perilous, since they have been always regarded by Saints and Fathers as the work of the devil, who, in order to ruin souls, devised them, as he has every other species of pomp and vanity.

Considering the mere form of dancing, it will be found, undoubtedly, as ridiculous, as dangerous.

What, in fact, can be more silly and laughable, than to see dancers advance, fall back, bend the body, jerk it up again, and whirl round like birds struck on the head? If music had not lent the charms of its harmony to cover the folly and ridiculousness of dancing, with an appearance of sense and propriety, and if people could only see the movements of dancing performed, privately, they could not help admitting with the great Roman orator, *nemo fere salat sobrius, nisi insanus*—"He who dances must be drunk or mad."

What can be more repugnant to correct Christian taste than the movements, gestures and leavings of the dance?

Who that is not, altogether, indifferent about chastity, the keystone virtue of youth, can approve of the dangerous and improper liberties customary in modern dances, such as the waltz, the polka, &c.?

If the exercise which dancing procures were the sole object of those who frequently seek it, if it offered them only innocent pleasures which men may procure in the absence of the other sex, and ladies in the absence of men, it would not exist long; and to abolish it, it would suffice to make it the object of our ridicule, and compel young men, and young women to dance, separately, without seeing or speaking to each other. There are many who would never go to the dance-house, if they did not expect to accompany thither, or did not hope to find there, the object of their passion.

It is not merely the external form of dancing we should examine, its aim and its consequences should be considered. It comprehends a variety of dangers which are natural to it, and which we cannot separate from it, without abolishing its entire form. It is a rock on which innocence is too frequently wrecked; it is the tomb of shame, the theatre of worldly passions and of their complete triumph. The Christian mind can, easily, see in it a collection of almost all the dangers of salvation, and an assemblage of all temptations; and that everything in it powerfully tends to poison the soul—company, objects, conversations, occasions, music, all concur to seduce the mind and heart and to stifle in them every sentiment of piety.

As the present article occupies space enough, the elucidation of our subject is deferred until next week, when the evils of balls and excursions will be portrayed more in detail.

SACERDOS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SCHOOL, PAWTUCKET.

Boston, July 17th, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir:—Having had occasion to visit Pawtucket a few days since I was so agreeably surprised by what I saw there that I thought I would write you a short account of it, knowing that your readers will be almost as pleased as I was. Some ten years ago when I visited Pawtucket before, there was in it only a very small church, and even that more than sufficed for the congregation. Now there is not for the size of the place a more flourishing congregation in New England. The church has, of course, grown with the people, and they have now one that will be a credit to themselves and their children. It is of a cruciform shape. The roof has been recently elevated, and galleries added both in nave and transept.

A short distance from the church is a commodious school-house, the lower part for the boys, the upper for the girls. Both schools are taught under the superintendence of the excellent pastor, Rev. P. Delany. There is a code of rules drawn up by him and rigidly enforced. When I visited the schools there could not have been less than from two to three hundred children in attendance, all neatly clad, and by their demeanor reflecting credit on their parents and teachers. Near the church is a large graveyard. A part of it not yet in use, is fenced off for a play-ground for the children. Being tastefully planted with evergreens, it affords a pleasant shade.

Then there is the priest's house, with its nicely-kept garden, surrounded by a pleasant grove. Altogether the place is most attractive, and well suited for the abode of piety and peace. There cannot be less than twenty-five acres of land occupied by the whole group of buildings with their respective grounds. Too much praise cannot be given to the worthy pastor who has done and still does so much for the advancement of religion in the parish allotted

to his care. Much credit is also due to the people whose liberality and zeal have enabled him to carry out such admirable designs.

Trusting that these remarks will require no apology, as the progress of religion is a subject necessarily of vital interest to Catholics everywhere,

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours, &c., A CATHOLIC.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance.

We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the TABLET against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery, by adding their own initials.

The Publishers of the TABLET have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply.

D. & J. SADLER & Co.

Mr. James McAlevy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and in all the neighboring towns he may visit.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The TABLET can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect all debts due the *Celt*, and to receive subscriptions for the New York TABLET.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the TABLET in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the New York TABLET in the Abingtons, Bridgewater, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

Troy, N. Y.—Mr. Francis Roarke, 181 Fifth street, is our Agent for Troy.

Mr. Roarke is an active and enterprising young man, and we trust the Catholics of Troy will encourage him. He has an excellent stock of Catholic Books on hand, and he can supply any work published in the United States to order. Any work advertised in our columns may be had of him, at the price marked.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—Mr. John J. Flynn, Summit street, Toledo, will act as our Agent, and collect all debts due us since January, 1857. He keeps on hand a good assortment of Yankee notions, fancy articles, &c. We recommend him to the patronage of the Catholics of Toledo.

SALEM MASS.—Jeremiah McCarthy, 82 North street, will act as our Agent in Salem and its vicinity. He has all our books for sale.

Mr. P. McCarthy is a very worthy man, and well deserving of being encouraged by the Catholics of Salem and its vicinity.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Mr. D. Sullivan & Co. are our Agents for Lawrence. Our subscribers will find the TABLET at their store.

FLUSHING, L. I.—Mr. John Delahunty is authorized to act as our Agent in Flushing and vicinity.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The Twelfth Annual Commencement of this college took place at Fordham, on Wednesday, the 5th inst., and while presenting a flattering view of the progress of the students, afforded a fine day's enjoyment to the vast audience assembled, the majority of which was from New York city. At the north of the spacious square in front of the college grounds, a vast tent was erected under the shade of stately trees, and gracefully ornamented with festoons of evergreens, affording a delightful spot for the exercises of the commencement. A spacious stage was erected, upon which were seated the college choir and graduating class, and in front of them a formidable array of prizes. In front of the stage was stationed the excellent orchestra of the Academy of Music, which, with the college choir, under the direction of Prof. Weissmuller, varied the proceedings with their delicious music. The invited guests, among whom were Archbishop Hughes, Rev. Dr. Nelligan, Very Rev. Dr. Moran, Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, Rev. J. Smith, Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Rev. W. P. Murray, Rev. Mr. Brophy, Rev. Father Driscoll, Rev. Dr. Pise and others, sat in reserved seats facing the stage, and were surrounded with the parents and friends of the students, to the number of several thousands. The following was the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music by the College Choir, under the direction of Prof. Weissmuller, accompanied by the orchestra of the New York Academy of Music.

Overture.

Discourse—"Characteristic Features of Genius," Mr. C. A. Farrell, N. Y. Grand Chorus, "William Tell," Rossini.

Discourse—"Genius in Literature," Mr. G. P. Byrne, N. J. Solo, Bass and Grand Chorus, "Nebucodonesor," Verdi.

Discourse—"Genius in Action," valedictory, Mr. P. A. Hargous, N. Y. Grand Chorus, Mercadante.

Address to the Graduates, Rev. William P. Morrough, D.D. Solo, Soprano and Bass, "Grand Chorus," Rossini.

Conferring of Degrees. Distribution of Premiums. Promotions.

"The Characteristic Features of Genius," by Mr. C. A. Farrell, of New York, were well depicted. He gave a rapid sketch of the achievements of the famous men of ancient and modern times, drawing a parallel between the divine mind and the mind of man, showing that the nearer the mind of man approaches in its resemblance to the mind of God, so much more does it exhibit that which has been called genius. In conclusion, he said that "when the true character of genius should be appreciated, then would it be a faithful imitation of the divine mind, and a participation of that ocean of truth, beauty and perfection."

"The Genius in Literature," by Mr. Y. P. Byrne, of New Jersey, was treated in a spirited style by the young orator. He quoted extensively from the histories of the greatest nations of the earth, showing that by their literary heroes more—much more—of lustre was added to their records than by their bloodstained warriors. The necessity of genius in all departments of art and science, and the failure of mere talent to compete with it, were ably shown. Enthusiasm he deemed to be the desideratum of a literary genius, inspired by the natural, spontaneous feelings of the occasion. Genius placed itself before the age, and commanded the age to follow, and the age would follow; but talent endeavored only to please the passing taste of the age. In conclusion, he said—"Who shall say that when the Powers of the Old World shall have reaped the punishment of her tyranny, that another benefactor of men may not arise, who, by the power of his genius, shall raise America to a pitch of grandeur such as that she shall rule the world by the genius of her people not less than by the power of her arms."

"Genius in Action" was the subject of the closing discourse, by Mr. P. A. Hargous, of New York. He illustrated at some length the idea that successful men of genius have always been men of one idea, men of fixedness of purpose, and an iron will leading them ever onward with an unwavering aim in a fixed direction. In conclusion, he delivered the valedictory, expressing the sense of the graduates of their indebtedness to the institution in which they had received their education.

The addresses were well committed, and that of Mr. Byrne delivered with creditable precision, gesture, and due attention to emphasis. All three of the young gentlemen were received with flattering demonstrations of applause.

Rev. Wm. P. Morrough, D. D., delivered the address to the graduates. As a fellow graduate with themselves he took greater pleasure in doing so. He exhorted them to repay the duty which they owed to their Alma Mater and themselves, and to have ever inscribed on their banner the motto, "Love of truth, order and country." Should they forget these duties, and dishonor themselves, the same finger of scorn which would be pointed to them would lead their Alma Mater to disown them and declare that they had drank at fountains other than theirs. Let them hold fast to these principles, and when in future times they should return to this spot no dark clouds would press upon them. In conclusion he said, let them remember as they came forward to receive their degrees, what the State and their country demanded of them, what their Alma Mater expected of them, and that their brothers were awaiting with joy to receive them into their ranks, expecting fresh laurels to be placed on the brow of their Alma Mater by their hands.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The degree of Master of Arts was then conferred on the following gentlemen: Peter A. Hargous, N. Y., degree conferred after a second year's study in college of the higher branches of philosophy; Arthur G. Francis, Wil., Del.; Thomas Killeen, N. Y.; Joseph Woods, N. Y.; John B. Hassard, N. Y.; John T. Power, N. Y.; Denis J. O'Donovan, N. Y.; M. T. McMahon, Buff., N. Y.; William McNulty, N. Y.; James L. Conron, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on the following students: George F. Byrne, Middletown Point, N. J.; Frederick Ign. Christie, Castlebar, Ireland; John M. Fitzpatrick, Blessington, Ireland; Christopher A. Farrell, New York.

The degree of A. B. was also conferred on Henry Bran, of Jersey City, student of the college of St. Francis Xavier, New York city, N. Y.

The list of premiums and distinctions, numbering several hundred, was then read, and as the young gentlemen advanced for their premiums they received them graciously from the hands of the Archbishop.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—You have just very successfully and faithfully accomplished your collegiate career. Some of your companions have terminated to-day not indeed the duties of study but the curriculum of preparation in this learned institution. Your time will arrive. You are like travellers whose great object is as they set out on their journey to reach its termination, however distant it may be from the starting point. And so you are prepared, not to faint by the way, but to reach the goal which your elder companions have to-day obtained. In the meantime, however, I know you so well as to be satisfied that without being very weary you have still no objection to a little respite and rest by the way. The traveller himself does not give up for a moment the end of the journey, because he pauses to reinvigorate his strength; and so it is that you to-day, having ended the labors of study through which you have been surrounded with every blessing of health and happiness among yourselves, have now a respite until the early part of September. I know you love study too well to neglect your duties through so long a period—(laughter)—still the everlasting bell and the termination of your recreations will not disturb you so often; you have heard to-day genius spoken of as the highest attribute of the human intellect, and you as well as this large and respectable audience must have been struck with the reflection that the same genius whose panegyric was so eloquently pronounced, had not passed by the orators without notice—that she had shown favors to them. And you will be entitled to the same distinction when the time comes, when, without any panegyric, you see that genius shared liberally to you—a genius cultivated as it may be here, by education, refinement, improvement and acquisition of knowledge in every department of science that can prepare you for distinction and render you honorable and respected citizens of this great republic. There is one additional satisfaction which I must not withhold from you, and it is this: that your friends around you, and the learned and devoted fathers who have been your teachers, must enjoy, as from your source, the consolation in the confidence that whilst you have given attention to the preparations for this occasion, you have not, at the same time, neglected the opportunities that went before it. And this satisfaction, gentlemen, is a great confidence in the advantages which you enjoy, and a great pledge to you of the anticipations of your fond parents that no time or money has been wasted in your education. It is the confidence that the very genius, the very atmosphere of the college, will operate as an influence of predisposing and preparing the mind, and leading you to greater distinction. And now, young gentlemen, wishing you the happiness, and a well spent and studious year, wishing you all happiness in your return to your domestic life, under the roofs which you quit in order to bring back stores of knowledge; wishing you all these pleasures, for your own feelings and the feelings of your friends, I think you will have no objection if we should stir our limbs a little in the fresh air. (Laughter.) The Archbishop then retired amid thunders of applause, and the audience separated for their homes, well pleased with the proceedings of the day.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT AT LOYOLA COLLEGE.—The Annual Commencement at Loyola College, Baltimore, took place on Thursday, the 9th inst., at the college building, on Calvert street, near Madison, in presence of a large and highly intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen. The hall was handsomely decorated with evergreens, festooned on the wall, and wreaths of evergreens and flowers. Over the platform was suspended the national standard, and a band of music occupied the gallery immediately above. Rev. John Early, president of the college, and all the professors, together with Archbishop Kenrich and a number of strange clergymen were present to witness the exhibition, and all expressed themselves highly pleased with the result. The following is a list of those who spoke, with their theses: Prologue, George D. Royston; Greece, (original), Thos. E. Sullivan; Monody on Dr. Kane, composed by A. A. Egan, William H. Fricker; America, (original), Michael A. Mullin; Soliloquy of Louis XVI., John I. Gross; Chocora's Curse, composed by H. A. F. Placide, William Fenwick Baugher; Education, (original), Randolph H. McKim; The School Boy's Happiness,

Joseph D. Sullivan; Spain, (original), Henry A. F. Placide; Burial of De Soto, composed by E. Courtney Jenkins, Arthur V. Mulholland; Progress, a dialogue; John J. Ryan, Victor S. Cluett; Monody on Gen. J. B. Walbach, U. S. A., Thomas E. Sullivan; Italy, (original), Andrew A. Egan; Joint Thanks to the Audience, William T. Whiteford, William Zimmerman. The exercises throughout were interspersed with music.

After the exercises 82 premiums, in the shape of elegantly bound volumes, were presented to the scholars, and a number were honorably mentioned for good conduct and punctuality. After the close of the exhibition the invited guests repaired to the dining saloon, where a magnificent dinner was spread, and to which all did ample justice. The exhibition was of a very gratifying character, and every possible facility was afforded the visitors, though there were far more than could find places in the large recitation rooms.—*Baltimore Sun.*

COMMENCEMENT AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, BARDSTOWN, KY.—The Annual Commencement at St. Joseph's College took place on Saturday, the 4th inst., and was attended by a large concourse of citizens and strangers. The speeches were excellent, the music enlivening and soul-stirring, and the occasion, altogether, was a pleasant and interesting one. The examination of the students, which had been going on for several previous days, was highly satisfactory to the professors and patrons and creditable to the young gentlemen. The members of the Senior Classes acquitted themselves in such a manner as to give promise of great usefulness in their future life. St. Joseph's College has been the nursery of many distinguished men, and we would not be surprised if some of the present graduating class should hereafter reach as distinguished positions as have some of their illustrious predecessors.—*Bardstown Gazette.*

DEATH OF A FAMOUS PARIS CHARLATAN.

The most celebrated and the most successful charlatan of Paris—Mengin, the itinerant pencil-seller—is dead, and has left behind him a fortune of 400,000 francs. No one can have passed many days in Paris within the last ten years without having observed on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Chatelet, the Place de la Madeleine, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall handsome man, with a brass helmet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile"—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire who from time to time blew a trumpet to attract public attention, and whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master. The only end and aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead pencils at two sous a piece. Mengin possessed in a high degree the art of commanding the attention of his audience. The laughs he raised were rare, but his face was full of promise of something good coming, and thus he kept alive curiosity. Though his speeches took a long time in the delivery, he was essentially a man of few words. He made long pauses, which were filled up by pantomime, and making grotesque sketches on a slate to show the quality of his pencils. The substance of every one of his discourses was, that he had originally set up in a quiet shop, but finding that he could not get a living in it, he had resolved to become a quack, and that from the hour of his taking that resolution he had done well. "Why," he would say, "do I fix myself up in this ludicrous costume? I will tell you candidly. Because going about in this dress I sell a great many pencils, and if I stayed at home in a warehouse coat I should sell very few. I am a quack, I admit, but I am an honest one, for I sell a good article; and if you want a pencil I doubt whether you will get as good a one anywhere else for the money." The speech was always followed by numerous demands, which he supplied from cases packed in the body of the cart. Of late he was wont to speak of the large fortune he had made, and he would not unfrequently turn out the contents of several rouleaux of gold, and count them in the public view.

THE NEWBURY MYSTERY.—It is now supposed that the person murdered was a girl from Putney, Vt., where her father and other relatives now reside, nothing having been heard from the girl since the 18th of March last. It appears that this girl was married last Fall to a man whose real character she did not fully understand at the time, and on the 11th of March they went to Springfield, Mass., where they stopped till the 18th of the same month, since which no tidings have been heard from the wife. Her husband, who formerly professed to be an Indian Doctor, in Putney, Vt., six weeks since, on being interrogated as to where his wife was, replied, "I hope she is in heaven." He left, and the first suspicions were aroused. One or two of the toes of one foot of the person now in question were webbed, and she also had a scar on one side of her face, which corresponds precisely with the description of the murdered body found, the same as in the other cases of identification. An uncle of hers visited Newbury recently to make inquiries. When she left Putney she spoke of buying some jewelry at Bellows Falls, but the jewelers there do not recognize the jewelry found on the dead body, as described.

LEGENDS

AND

TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

ST. COLUMBANUS AND QUEEN BRUNEHAUT.

Affairs were gliding on thus smoothly at the royal court of Burgundy when tidings reached the young king that his grandmother, queen Brunehaut, who had been for long years absent from the court for reasons best known to herself, purposed paying him a visit. Thierry either was, or seemed to be, much pleased at the prospect of this visit, and went forth with a princely retinue on the appointed day to meet and conduct her to the palace. Once there, the old dame appeared to make herself quite at home, taking upon herself airs of authority as though she felt herself mistress of the mansion. This was rather pleasing to Thierry than the reverse, for he felt a sort of filial sympathy for the aged queen whose character had been roughly handled in former times, and her venerable person kept at a distance by his immediate predecessors on the throne. Young and unsuspecting, Thierry gave himself little trouble to ascertain or understand his grand-dame's real character, and was quite willing to believe her own story regarding "the deeds of other years." She had been wronged and calumniated, he conscientiously believed, and the tales which he had heard of her from childhood must certainly have been the invention of her enemies. Even if she had been somewhat imprudent on the occasion of her marriage with the ill-starred Merovee and in other little matters, why, assuredly, all that was expiated by long and patient suffering during many years of retirement from public life—and, for the present time, there could be no more exemplary matron than queen Brunehaut who, being his father's mother, had every claim to his respect. Impressed with the conviction that his grandmother was now entirely detached from the world and anxious only for the salvation of her soul, the young monarch hastened to bring his friend Columbanus to pay his respects to her.

The result was not quite what the good-natured king had expected. The meeting between the Abbot and the queen was anything but cordial in its character. On the part of Columbanus there was a sort of cold reserve which Thierry had hardly ever seen him assume, while the withered face of the aged lady betrayed a certain consciousness of something which the Saint seemed well to understand. Not the slightest mark of homage or respect did Columbanus manifest—a cool and distant salutation was his sole notice of the queen's presence. An angry flush mounted to Brunehaut's faded cheek, nay, her very brow was crimsoned, yet she gave no outward sign of displeasure, and even controlled herself so far as to invite the Abbot of Luxeuil to be seated.

"I sit not in this presence," was the answer; "I am here at the king's command—does he permit me to retire?" Turning as he spoke to the king, who stood by in astonished silence.

"Why, father, thou hast hardly spoken to our royal mother, to pleasure whom I sent for thee. Mother, thou must have heard of Columbanus, Abbot of Luxeuil."

"I have," said the queen, "and am pleased to behold so great a servant of God."

A piercing glance from the Saint again brought the blood to Brunehaut's face—she turned away abruptly as if to speak to one of her ladies who stood behind.

"Thou hearest, Columbanus," said the king, with a gratified air, "my grandmother is graciously pleased to express her pleasure at seeing thee—thou hast no word of kindness in return?"

"Words of kindness from me were but little worth to Queen Brunehaut, and I thank her not for hers to me," was the stern reply of Columbanus, "a penitent sinner is ever welcome to me as to Him who sends me in quest of the lost sheep, but a whitened sepulchre—a thing fair without, and abominable within—a Pandora's box, sealed now but to open soon and vomit forth plagues—such things I cannot look upon with pleasure." So saying the Saint withdrew, without again looking on the queen, who stood for a moment pale and motionless as a statue, then sinking on a seat, she said to her royal grandson, who remained as if spell-bound with his eyes fixed on vacancy: "Alas! for the holy man, his learning and his bodily misdeeds have assuredly affected his brain. See to him, my son, that he reach his

abbey in safety, for he is unfit to care himself. May God have pity on his afflicted servant."

"Nay, mother," said the king, "whatever thoughts were in his mind that made him speak in such a way, he is not mad. Fear not that, good mother. But thy generosity is worthy of praise, in caring for the zeal of him who used thee so hardly. I never will forgive him were he Columbanus a thousand times. Let him look to it!" And he walked the chamber to and fro uttering divers angry exclamations, all directed against the Saint.

Brunehaut applied herself, and with laudable eagerness, to soothe the ruffled mind of her grandson, endeavored to excuse the Abbot, and hoped he would soon see his error, if indeed he were at all accountable for actions which she charitably affected still to doubt. But it was remarked that from that day forward, Columbanus was never received at court as he had been. His advice was never again solicited, and if voluntarily given, it was overruled under some plausible pretext. Brunehaut had all her life long been given to intrigue, and she was not long at the Court of Thierry before her ancient habits began to manifest themselves. With the maxims of virtue ever on her lips, she secretly countenanced every species of vice, and gradually undermined by her insidious counsels and sophistical arguments, those fixed principles of right and wrong, which the holy Abbot had with pains and perseverance imparted in Thierry's mind. At one time it was some beautiful attendant of her own whom she contrived to throw in his way under the most tempting circumstances, at another it was some dark scheme of revenge which she induced him to consider law and justice, and after holding out for some time—longer indeed than might have been expected, the smouldering passions of Thierry were at length kindled and speedily burst into a flame. Profligacy and debauchery were now the order of the day, where so lately all had been pure and chaste; drunken brawls and senseless quarrels were now of frequent occurrence, and the Court of Burgundy was soon immersed deeper than ever in the bottomless gulf of corruption. Columbanus had not witnessed without anguish this destruction of his hallowed work by the machinations of a she-devil. He had several times made his way to the royal presence, and sought by all the soft persuasion which he had at will, to draw back the young monarch. And Thierry never heard him without humiliation and bitter self-reproach; he would promise all manner of reformation, and request the prayers of his holy father Columbanus. But the very next interview with his wicked old relative would efface all these good resolutions, and reduce Thierry once more to the degraded level of his own nature, now thoroughly hardened and scorched as it were with fire. Still Brunehaut knew full well that she had cause to dread the influence of Columbanus, and she concocted a skilful plan for effecting a permanent separation between him and her grandson.

Columbanus had of late discontinued his visits to the court, finding that there was but little hope of recalling the king from the labyrinth of vice into which he had been seduced. Occasionally he met the monarch in his hunting excursions, but rarely addressed him in reproof or admonition. Yet the very sight of him had always a beneficial influence on the monarch, and Brunehaut never failed to perceive some tokens of the recent encounter in the deportment of her grandson; some qualms of conscience which it cost her some trouble to overcome.

Determined, at length, to put an end to this, she contrived, as I have said, a wily scheme whereby to draw down summary vengeance on the hated Abbot of Luxeuil. In the first place, she began to speak of him to her grandson with more respect than had been her wont, left off ridiculing his ascetic life, and declared herself almost a convert to some of his views. The king listened with amazement and could hardly believe his own ears that Brunehaut spoke thus of Columbanus. But greater still was his surprise when the queen expressed a wish to have the Abbot invited to court once more.

Thierry hesitated, conscious of his own unworthiness to receive such a visitor, and endeavored to persuade the queen out of her strange fancy, but Brunehaut was firm, as she always was, and his weaker mind knew not how to resist. So a messenger was sent to Luxeuil, praying the lord Abbot to grace the palace with his presence. A smile of doubtful import flitted across the faded yet still noble features of Columbanus, as he signified his consent and prepared to follow the messenger.

"She is a devil incarnate," he murmured to himself as he wound his way through the forest-paths, "but, strong in the Lord Christ, I fear her not. Let her do her worst, it will but give us fresh opportunities to suffer for the truth. Her devices are many and skilful, but they are made legible to me by the great mercy of my God. Onward, then, Columbanus, onward in the name of the Lord, and in the safe keeping of His ever-blessed Mother."

On entering the palace, Columbanus was received with a great show of welcome. Forth came Thierry in his royal robes to meet him in the hall, and Brunehaut tall and queenlike, notwithstanding her great age, leading by the hand four young children of extraordinary beauty.

Having duly saluted the king and queen, Columbanus folded his hands and stood with downcast eyes before the king, as if awaiting further commands. Brunehaut seeing this, hastened to present the children, in a way that seemed to reproach the Saint for having overlooked them.

"Woman!" said Columbanus, suddenly raising his eyes and darting a withering look at the dowager, "woman! who are these children?"

"Man!" responded the shameless parent, "they are the children of Thierry, and as heirs to the throne of Burgundy, I demand thy blessing for them."

"They shall never reign," replied Columbanus with calm decision; "nor will I bless them at thy bidding, O destroyer of souls. They are the fruit of fornication and all uncleanness—take them hence. And for thee, Brunehaut, hoary reprobate as thou art, the day is fast approaching when the blood of thy sons shall cry out to heaven against thee—yea, and the blood of divine vengeance shall fall when thou least expectest, and it shall crush thee for all eternity as with a mountain of fire. Ay! tremble, sinner! tremble at the awful anathema which my lips are moved to pronounce against thee. Thou hast gained thine object in bringing me hither—much good may it do thee!" So saying he bowed to the king and left the hall. This scene had passed so quickly that Thierry had hardly time to put in a word, had he so willed it, but the truth was that he was completely stunned by what he saw and heard, and it was only the convulsive laughter of Brunehaut that recalled him to his senses.

"There!"—she cried, as soon as she had recovered from her unnatural fit of merriment, "there—I knew it—thou seest he would not bless thy children—sweet innocent!" she added, affecting to caress the children, who clung around her. This, as she expected, touched a chord in Thierry's heart, and all his complicated feelings burst forth into flaming wrath against him whom he was pleased to call "the hard-hearted Hibernian." A very few skilful touches from Brunehaut worked him up into such a paroxysm of fury that he swore a fearful oath to send Columbanus whence he came. This was precisely what Brunehaut wished, and she took good care to fan the flame of the monarch's resentment, so that before an hour had gone by, a messenger was again dispatched to tell Columbanus that he was to quit the Burgundian territory without delay.

This message was received by Columbanus with the utmost composure. "Tell the king," said he, "that I will go and speak with him on this subject."

Meanwhile Thierry had begun to reflect in the solitude of his chamber on the great sanctity and high reputation of Columbanus, and he said within himself that, after all, he could hardly be expected to pronounce a blessing on four illegitimate children belonging to as many different mothers. Still, his pride was hurt and he blamed the Abbot for speaking as he did to his grandmother, though that, too, he admitted, was not much to be wondered at, all things considered. And then Thierry sighed, and as he sighed he called one of his attendants, and gave orders for Columbanus to be served with the most costly viands and the richest wines, before he was ushered to his presence.

Meanwhile, it drew towards evening, and some lords of high rank coming in on important business, the king afterwards got carousing with them, and on being told that the lord Abbot of Luxeuil was come, ordered him to remain at the palace over night and he would see him next morning. But soon the attendants returned and reported that the Saint would neither eat nor drink within the palace-gates, for," said he, "it is written 'The Most High rejects the gifts of the impious,' nor is it fitting

that the mouths of the servants of God should be defiled with the meats of one who inflicts such injuries upon them." Neither would he consent to lodge in the house, but went out to spend the night in a shepherd's hut in the forest.

Hearing this Thierry was grievously moved; his heart sank within him; the paleness of death overspread his face and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Had he followed the first promptings of remorse he would have instantly sought the presence of the Saint and humbled himself before him in contrition for his crimes, but the basilisk gaze of Brunehaut was on him, and in presence of his guests, she ridiculed him for what she called his boyish folly, till, anxious to prove that he deserved not such strictures, he assumed a gaiety he did not feel, and swallowed goblet after goblet of the sparkling wine till all consciousness was lost in the wild debauchery of the hour.

Next morning, however, brought back bitter reflection, and after a short interview with Columbanus, Thierry was seen to repair barefoot and with head uncovered to the Chapel, where he heard Mass with edifying recollection, and publicly confessed himself a grievous sinner. Under the influence of these penitential feelings, the young monarch, without consulting his dangerous relative, recalled the sentence of banishment pronounced on Columbanus, and gave him free permission to remain at Luxeuil.

Alas! for human resolutions—before the week was at an end, the king himself in a drunken fit, at the head of a fierce band of his debauched companions, rode in all haste to Luxeuil, and loudly calling for the Abbot, commanded him forthwith to return whence he came. "Since our ways are not thy ways," said he in a thick, husky voice, "go thy ways back to Ireland. Men like thee who set up for Saints and devotees ought never to leave the Island of Saints." This was spoken with bitter irony, but Columbanus seeing the half intoxicated state of the young king, determined to forbear from all unnecessary severity of language.

"As for returning to Ireland," he said with an involuntary sigh, as memory reverted to the tranquil shores of Lough Erne and the green island with its sacred cloister where so many happy years had flown away, "that I cannot do of my own free will. Coming hither to work the Lord's neglected vineyard of Gaul, I gave up forever the dearest land ever Saint or sinner trod, and made a solemn vow never to return thither so long as I was permitted to labor where my services were more needed. There are abundance of laborers in Ireland better than I am, but here the harvest is great and the laborers few. This convent I leave not, O king, unless driven out by force."

Abashed and irresolute how to act, in the absence of his evil genius, the king suddenly put spurs to his horse and with headlong speed retraced his steps to the palace, where, just as he expected, a storm of contempt and ridicule awaited him.

"But what wouldst thou have me do, mother?" cried the bewildered prince, "wouldst thou have me lay violent hands on the servant of God?"

"Not so, Thierry," replied the royal beldame, her wrinkled face distorted with passion, "but I would have thee act as becometh a Merovingian prince. No need in laying hands on this presumptuous Hibernian monk, but send a party of thy chosen men to expel him and all of his nation from their den. Let him not boast that he has overcome thee, king of Burgundy!"

This diabolical advice was acted upon to the very letter. A nobleman of the court, a trusty friend of Thierry's, was sent with a troop of horse, to dislodge the Irish monks, who had then no alternative but prompt obedience.

Being conducted to Nantes, the nearest seaport, the saintly band of monks was duly placed on board ship for Ireland, but ere Columbanus quitted the shore, he turned to the nobleman who commanded the escort and said: "Remember what I now tell you; that very Clotaire whom ye now despise will, in three years' time, be your master. Tell Thierry so from me."

This memorable prediction was literally fulfilled; three years had barely passed when the three provinces of Gaul were united under the sovereignty of Clotaire the First.

But it was not the will of God that Columbanus should return to his native land, for the ship in which he was embarked had sailed but a short distance from the land, when the ocean rose to an awful height before it as if to impede its passage, whereupon the captain seeing

in this unusual occurrence the manifest will of God, immediately put back to the shore, and landed the Irish monks once more on French soil. Not daring to return to ungrateful Burgundy, Columbanus repaired to the courts of Thierry's two brothers and rivals, Theodebert and Clotaire, both of whom gave him a gracious and an honorable reception, coming forth to meet him with banners flying, and music playing. With Clotaire, in particular, he remained for some time, that prince treating him with marked deference and consulting him on all the affairs of his kingdom. But the vengeance of Brunehaut still pursued him, though neither Clotaire nor Theodebert would receive her personally at their courts, and in order to escape her diabolical machinations in which Thierry was compelled, of late, to join, Columbanus thought it prudent to leave the Gauls and cross the Alps into Italy.

It was to Milan that Columbanus first repaired, attracted by the exalted character of Agilulph, King of the Lombards, and his queen Theodelinda, a princess of great piety and eminent accomplishments. By their Lombard majesties, the Irish Saint was received with marked distinction, and at their court he found a secure asylum. He was free to live as he pleased, in community with his brethren, being never intruded on by his royal friends, save when he wished to receive them. Yet still Columbanus longed for the solitude of the forest, and Agilulph finding him immovably bent on retiring from the city, gave him free permission to choose a site for a monastery in any part of his dominions.

Acting on this friendly grant, Columbanus fixed on the wild spot in the Apennine region, and there he built an abbey, since known to fame as the Monastery of Bobbio. Here, in this secluded fastness of the Apennines, the great Columbanus ended his active and most useful life, in the year of our Lord 615.

"The various countries and places with which the name of this great Saint is connected, have multiplied his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, and of having sent forth, before the close of the sixth century, so accomplished a writer from her schools, France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of Luxeuil and Fontaines; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at Bobbio—in the office, the chalice, the holy staff of the founder, and the strange sight of an Irish missal in a foreign land—but in the yet fresher and more every-day remembrance bestowed upon his name by its association with the beautifully-situated town of San Columbanus, in the territory of Lodi!"

Amid all his wanderings in foreign lands, it is clear, moreover, that St. Columbanus never forgot the land of his birth whence he had derived that pure and lively faith and that vast erudition which made him a light among the Gentiles. In a letter to Pope Boniface, written from Milan, on the subject of the great Pascal dispute, he is found "boldly vindicating, with national warmth, the perfect orthodoxy of his fellow-countrymen, the Irish, assuring Boniface that they had never yet swerved from the apostolic doctrines delivered to them by Rome; and that there never had been among them any heretics, Jews, or schismatics."

Such was the proud boast which an illustrious Irishman felt himself entitled to make at the opening of the seventh century. Such was the Ireland of that day, and such was Columbanus of Ireland, the Apostle of Italy and Gaul.

* Moore's History of Ireland, vol. I, p. 266

† Ibid. p. 265.

— In our next, CORMAC MAC CUILLENAN, KING AND BISHOP OF CASHEL.

ANNIVERSARY OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.—The 9th instant was the anniversary of the Battle of Braddock's Field, and the Pittsburgh Post says, "one hundred and two years ago, that day, on the banks of the Monongahela, a few miles from that now large and busy city, a band of patriots, fighting for their country, were defeated, and many of them cut to pieces. The scene of Braddock's defeat is now covered with pleasant hamlets and beautiful country residences; then it was a forest and a wilderness. Now the locomotive rattles hourly along the site of the battle-field; then the trail of the Indian upon the war-path was the only sign of human life among the thick forest trees. The old fort, surrounded by a few cabins, has given place to a flourishing city, and instead of the pioneers, ever watchful to guard their lives and their scanty property, we have now the smoke of a hundred furnaces, the clang of a thousand hammers, and on all sides the hum of industry engaged in the various pursuits of manufacturers, commerce and trade."

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Official Returns of the Elections.—The Besancon Election.—The Government Candidate Successful.—The ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE on the defeat of M. Montalembert.—The two most Characteristic Incidents of the Election.—M. de Montalembert Elected Director of the Academy.—Lamartine's Letter.—Friendship's Candidate.—Departure of the Emperor.—His Future Movements according to general report.—The African Expedition.—Gen. Mac Mahon not Dead.—A Narrow Escape.—Anniversary of the Landing of the French Troops and Laying the Foundation Stone of Fort Napoleon.—Description of the Ceremony.—The Soldier's Altar.—A noble Temple.—The UNIVERS.—M. Taconnet and M. Jules Gondon.—Bishops in Paris.—The New Bishop of Valence.—M. l'Abbe de Pompignac.—The Pope to Visit Modena.—Prince Napoleon to Visit Ireland and England.—The Count de Morny.—The Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.—The Art Exhibition.—M. Thenard.—The Sisters of Charity in Lisbon.

PARIS, 2d July, 1857.

The official returns have confirmed, with few exceptions, the statements I made in my last as to the result of the elections. At Besancon, however, the government candidate, the Marquis de Conegliani, has been elected and not the independent candidate, General Poey, to whom report ascribed the victory when I was about closing my letter. The *Assemblée Nationale* published in its edition of Friday an article on the defeat of M. de Montalembert which it ascribes to the government. The agents of the government says the *Assemblée* left nothing undone to prevent the re-election of the Count. It looks upon the declaration by the Government that there is no place in the Corps Legislatif for an opposition like that of M. de Montalembert and the conduct of the electors who by that mere declaration were induced to abandon the eminent man they had constantly elected during nine years, whom they were proud of having for their representative and to whom they were bound by so many ties, both personal and patriotic, as the two most characteristic facts connected with the late electoral struggle.

M. de Montalembert will be compensated, however, for his political defeat by the fact that at the quarterly meeting of the Members of the Academy he was elected Director of that celebrated institution.

M. de Lamartine has published a letter in the various journals here, protesting against a pretended candidatiship on his part for the representation of Macon. He had inserted a formal refusal in the *Journal de Laone et Loire* eight days before the election. The votes his name elicited were not given, says the great poet, either to the Opposition or to the Government candidates, neither of which he was; they were given to the candidate of Friendship.

The Emperor left the capital for Plombières, on Friday last. He was accompanied to the railway station by the Empress and a number of functionaries. He will go to Biarritz to meet the Empress towards the end of July and about the commencement of August will pay a visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne; at least so says rumor. The Emperor will visit the camp of Chalons about the 1st September and spend some time among the soldiers. His Majesty intends to camp out like his men, but his tent, no doubt, will be somewhat more comfortable than a poor man's cottage.

Apropos of camps and soldiers, the African expedition, under the command of Marshal Randon, progresses admirably. Several of the hostile tribes have submitted and given hostage for their future good behavior. Roads are being cut into the interior of the country and telegraph lines established. It was reported lately that General Mac Mahon, one of the Crimean heroes, had been shot in action, but happily the rumor is a false one; the General, it is true, was for a few moments under a perfect hail of bullets, several of which went through his coat, &c., without doing him the slightest injury.

On the 14th June, the army celebrated at the same time the 27th anniversary of the landing of our troops at Sidi Ferruch and the laying the foundation stone of the fort which is to assure France the eventual possession of Kabylia. Religion naturally presided over this fête. M. l'Abbe Suchet assisted by the chaplains of various regiments read the prayers prescribed in such case, and delivered a short but eloquent address to the soldiers. In the morning officers and soldiers assisted at the Sacrifice of the Mass and chanting of the *Te Deum*. The *Moniteur Algerien* describes the imposing scene as follows:

"An altar surmounted by a modest cross made of branches was erected in the centre of each division. Drums, cannons, and stacks of

arms, surmounted by the Imperial Eagle, were employed to support it, and around the base, arranged in a tasteful manner, hatchets, pick-axes and shovels, emblems of strength and labor—it was all that the zeal of our soldiers could do to adorn the place where the Divine Sacrifice was about to be offered up. But Nature had wonderfully aided their good will. To the South stood the rocky mass of the Djurjura emporium by the first rays of the rising sun; to the North the sombre chain situated between the Shore and the Sebao which winds and shines through the plain like a fillet of silver; in the foreground the numerous Kabyle Villages so picturesquely situated on the summits of the mountain crests and which seemed to form around the altar a living crown—all these united produced a magic, grand and imposing effect, and formed a temple worthy of the Creator."

Previously to the sale of the *Univers*, I wrote to you that M. Jules Gondon, one of the editors of that paper, intended, if possible, to become the proprietor of it. The report having got into a Brussels journal M. Taconnet, the present proprietor of the *Univers* and agent of the Joint Stock Company to whom that journal belonged up to the late sale, addressed a letter to the editor of the Brussels sheet denying the fact of M. Gondon's desire to buy the *Univers* and saying that had he known Mr. Jules Gondon's intention to become the proprietor of the paper or to resign his position as a member of the editorial corps it would have saved him (Mr. Taconnet) the pain of taking the initiative in the rupture between him and his former editor. This has brought forth a letter from M. Gondon, in which he positively states his design of becoming the proprietor of the *Univers*, as I informed you. A long acquaintance, says M. Gondon, had shown him what would be the feeling towards him the day he dared to become the competitor of the former agent of the Society who owned the *Univers*. He thought, however, that the *Univers* was to be sold in earnest, and that his position as editor did not preclude him from becoming its proprietor. M. Jules Gondon also states that, the initiative of the rupture came from him and not from the proprietor of the *Univers*. He regrets being obliged to break silence with regard to the sale of the paper, but the regret is useless, for the affair once before the public will have to be argued in it entirely. We may expect some further correspondence on the subject.

There are in the city at present a great number of reverend bishops who have come here for the purpose of conferring with the Minister of Public Worship. Monseigneur Salinis, Archbishop of Auch, recently had a long and animated conversation with Mr. Rouland.

By a decree of the 24th June Monseigneur Lyonnet, Bishop of St. Flour, has been appointed to the episcopal see of Valence, vacated by the demise of Monseigneur Chatrouse. The Abbe de Pompignac, Canon of the diocese of Saint Flour, has been appointed Bishop of that diocese in place of Monseigneur Lyonnet.

The *Messenger of Modena* announces that his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth has accepted the invitation of Duke Francis, and will shortly visit Modena.

Prince Napoleon is shortly to set on a trip to England and Ireland. The Imperial corvette, the *Reine-Hortense*, has been placed at the prince's disposal.

M. de Morny, the French Ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, has arrived in Paris.

The new buildings which are to take the place of the old Convent of the Petit-peres, situated near the Church of our Lady of Victory, are nearly terminated. This Convent dates its origin from the year 1620. In that year the monks of the Order of St. Augustine obtained permission, from the Archbishop of Paris, to found a Convent in the city. The King assisted at the laying the foundation stone of the Church which was dedicated in the month of December, 1629, to Notre Dame des Victoires. Brother Fiacre, one of the monks of this Convent, was so venerated after his death that his portrait was placed on all the public vehicles. Thence comes the name *fiacre* by which we designate our hired carriages.

Notre Dame des Victoires is at present one of the most frequented churches in Paris.

Visitors still crowd the exhibition of the Fine Arts in the Palace of Industry. On the two first days the receipts amounted to 18,387 francs. The objects of art exhibited number 3,474; 2,715 paintings; 529 pieces of sculpture; 147 engravings; 98 lithographies; 88 architectural designs, models, &c. Of the 2,715 paintings,

575 are portraits: a proof that in spite of daguerotypes, and photographs, portrait-painters are far from being exterminated.

The obsequies of one of the greatest ornaments of chemical science, M. le baron Thenard, formerly Peer of France, Chancellor of the University, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, Member of the Institute, Honorary Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne, the College of France, and the Polytechnic School, were celebrated with great pomp at the Church of St. Sulpice on Tuesday last. The Church was draped in black, and the officiating clergy, presided by M. le Cure, very numerous. The cortege was composed of deputations from the University, from all the Academies, the various faculties of the Sorbonne and the establishments for Public Instruction. Leverrier, the Astronomer, Geoffroy Hilaire, Biot, &c., were present. After the ceremonies M. le Cure delivered a short but touching discourse in which he paid a tribute to the Christian virtues and charity of the deceased who was, he said, the most generous benefactor of the poor of his parish. M. Thenard has done much for the advancement of science. It is a beautiful sight to see science, charity, and religion working together for the advancement of mankind.

A letter from Lisbon announces that M. l'Abbe Etienne, Superior-General of the Congregation of Saint Lazare, who had been invited by the Portuguese Government to go to Lisbon in order to make arrangements for placing several charitable institutions under the control of the Sisters of Charity, has brought to a favorable issue the negotiations opened on this subject. One must have travelled much on the Continent to know all the good done by the French members of the Confraternity of Saint Lazare and the Sisters of Charity, and the glory they shed on the French nation.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MILLTOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

[From a Correspondent.]

As early as 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 14th, crowds from the adjoining villages began to arrive in Milltown, and at 8 o'clock the spacious Church of St. Stephen was filled to its utmost capacity. In the front pews, in the centre of the Church, were about 200 girls all clothed in white, and in the side pews were seated about the same number of boys. At 8 o'clock first Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Connelly, Bishop of New Brunswick. At the time of administering the Holy Communion the children approached the altar, and received the Holy Sacrament from the hand of his Lordship. When Mass was concluded his Lordship retired to the Sacristy a few minutes, and soon returned in robe and mitre. He then delivered a very instructive and beautiful discourse in which he clearly showed how God in His infinite wisdom and goodness had left in his Church the Sacraments by which he communicated to man his most precious gifts, and proceeded to administer the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to about 400 persons, whom he exhorted to lead a life of purity and innocence, to avoid all manner of sin, and to be guided by their excellent Pastor, on whose piety and goodness he passed a high eulogium. He then concluded the services by giving them all his blessing, and hoped God the giver of all good would always bless them, as he ever found them a kind and dutiful congregation.

At 12 o'clock the Rev. James Quin, Pastor of St. Stephen's, celebrated High Mass, after which the large congregation separated deeply impressed with the solemn ceremonies of the day. Twenty-five years ago there was not more than a dozen Catholics here, without a Church or Pastor. Mark the change twenty years has brought about. There is a large and capacious Church, a handsome glebe-house, a commodious school-house, all situate in a healthy locality, and in one of the most industrious, peaceable, and thriving villages of New Brunswick.

H. G. C.

St. STEPHENS, July 1st., 1857.

The Board of Councilmen at their meeting on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., appointed a Special Committee to investigate into an alleged scurrilous report of the proceedings of the Board published in the *Tribune* of Saturday previous.

Several cases of Coup de Soleil or death from sun stroke occurred in this city last week. One case in particular was that of an emigrant who had not been in the country over twenty-four hours.

THE PRESS ON GERALD GRIFFIN'S WORKS.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN.—The firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co. have given to the public many works of an interesting character from the pens of Irish authors, but never any, in our opinion, of a more acceptable stamp than the works of the talented, but heretofore too little read (on this side of the Atlantic, at least) Gerald Griffin. The works of the author in question are written in an easy, flowing style, and his sketches of character exhibit a rare knowledge of human nature—Irish human nature especially—while the descriptive portions carry with them a truthfulness and fidelity which are peculiarly charming. Many of his narratives are founded upon real incidents in Irish history which are ingeniously worked up, and rendered thrillingly exciting and absorbingly interesting. They are interspersed with scenes of the deepest pathos, and the most genuine humor—at one moment we are convulsed with laughter, at the next affected to tears—while an atmosphere of sound morality, containing many touches of true philosophy and deep reasoning, surrounds the whole, showing that the author well knew the way to the human heart. While every one who possesses true literary taste will be charmed with Griffin's works, they will be peculiarly fascinating—from the richness of the colloquial parts, the old traditions and sectional landmarks—to readers of Irish birth. We heartily recommend Gerald Griffin's works to the attention of the American public, and predict for them an immense popularity.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

GRIFFIN'S COMPLETE WORKS.—D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of this city, have commenced the publication of the complete works of Gerald Griffin, author of the "Collegians," and one of the most talented and popular of the modern Irish authors. The series is handsomely printed on superfine white paper, and will be completed in about thirty weekly numbers, at twenty-five cents each. It will be the most perfect and only complete edition of Griffin's works ever published in this country. Mr. Griffin died in 1840, at the early age of thirty-seven; yet he had contributed during that short lifetime largely to English literature by numerous works of unusual merit, and which illustrate the manner and peculiarities of Ireland; and yet in this country he is but little known, except among his own countrymen, who love and cherish his memory. This present edition of Griffin's complete works is led off by "The Collegians," a novel of singular merit and interest, to be followed by "Card Drawings," a tale of Clare; "The Half Sir," a tale of Munster; "Sail Dhuir, the Coiner," a tale of Tipperary; "The Rivals," a tale of Wicklow; "The Duke of Monmouth," a tale of the Wars of James II.; "The Invasion," an historical novel; the celebrated tragedy of "Gypsies," Poetical Works, and numerous other Tales and Sketches, including a Life of the Author, and his Letters. The volumes are handsomely illustrated with fine steel plate engravings.—*Sunday Atlas*.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN.—We welcome this new and complete edition of the works of Gerald Griffin, now in the course of publication by the Messrs. Sadlier & Co. We read *The Collegians*, when it was first published, with a pleasure we have never forgotten, and which we have found increased at every repeated perusal. Ireland has produced many geniuses, but rarely one, upon the whole, superior to Gerald Griffin. When we have his life, and the publication of the edition is completed, we shall endeavor to render our tribute of gratitude to the memory of the gifted author.—*Brownson's Review*.

Whoever wishes to read one of the most passionate and pathetic novels in English literature will take with him, during the summer vacation, *The Collegians*, by Gerald Griffin. He was a young Irishman, who died several years since, after writing a series of works—novels and poetry, which gave him little reputation during his life, but since his death have given him fame, as, in our judgment, the best Irish novelist. The picture of Irish character and manners a half century since, in *The Collegians*, is masterly, and the power with which the fond, impetuous, passionate, thoroughly Celtic nature of Hardress Cregan is drawn, evinces rare genius. Griffin died young, a disappointed man. But this one story, if nothing else of his, will surely live among the very best novels of the time. It is full of incident, and an absorbing interest allures the reader to the end, and leaves him with a melted heart and moistened eye. Love, pride, and prejudice are the themes. An Ophelia-like heroine is tossed upon the bitter waves of a sea of passion she cannot control, and the end is more piteous than Ophelia's. There have been at least two editions of the work published in this country at different times. The last one, before the present, was a very poor, cheap Philadelphia edition, which could have done little for the reputation of *The Collegians*. But a new edition of the *Complete Works of Gerald Griffin*, to be concluded in about thirty weekly numbers, is now issuing by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York, and is more than a third part published. It is a very convenient and attractive edition. It will contain all his novels, dramas, and lyrics. The latter have a thoroughly Irish flavor, and will, we sincerely hope, be the means of making the talented young Irishman widely known, and, consequently, admired in this country.—*Putnam's Monthly*.

The Mayor has signed the resolution of the Common Council, directing the station house and police property to be transferred to the new Police Commissioners.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

CONSECRATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

The direction of the Holy See, set forth in the bulls recently sent from Rome to the apostolic delegate, for consecrating to the high office of Archbishop of Cashel the Very Rev. Patrick Leahy, vice-rector of the Catholic University, was carried out in the cathedral of the archdiocese with unusual splendor and solemnity. There is, perhaps, no ceremonial of the church grander or more impressive than that which she prescribes for the consecration of a bishop, fraught, as every prayer uttered and every form observed is, with the deepest import and most impressive significance, whilst they are hallowed by an antiquity as remote as the prelate office itself. The advance of religion and the strength of the Catholic feeling of the people were strikingly manifested in the multitudes who thronged from every part of the county Tipperary to witness it, and in their reverent demeanor during its entire solemnization. As a tribute of respect all the shops in the town were closed, and all business suspended, the one all-absorbing subject everywhere being the solemn ceremony happily fixed for the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. The streets were thronged for hours before the appointed time by the carriages of the Catholic gentry of the county, the private cars of the respectable farmers, and the bodies of the peasantry of both sexes, neatly and comfortably attired, proceeding on foot to the cathedral. Numbers of farmers came on horseback. Every portion of the extremely spacious temple was crowded even to an inconvenient extent, especially the nave, where the pressure of the people through the grand entrance was severe. In the aisles and galleries nearly all the seats had been reserved, and before the hour fixed every seat had its occupant. Shortly after eleven o'clock, A. M., the procession commenced to issue from the sacristy amid the joyous and swelling notes of the very fine organ of the Cathedral. As it passed along its appearance evidently produced a deep effect upon the congregation, and when the Archbishop elect came forth a thrill of glad emotion ran through the church. The prelates present were—The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland; the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland; Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath; Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Lord Bishop of Killaloe; Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford; Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Lord Bishop of Ross; Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Lord Bishop of Kilmacduagh; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork. Owing to the pressure, anything but a full list of the clergy could be obtained, but the attendance was unusually large.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen was the consecrating prelate. The priests assistant to him were the Rev. Dr. Lee and the Rev. Mr. Murray. The assistant prelates were the Bishop of Limerick; chaplain, the Rev. Dr. M'Laughlin, O.S.F., and the Bishop of Cork; chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Butler. The Rev. W. Cantwell, Thurles, was chaplain to the archbishop elect, and the Rev. Dr. Forde officiated as master of the ceremonies. The robes of the bishops, particularly those of the Archbishop of Dublin and the bishop elect, were of a gorgeous and costly description. The consecrating prelate having robed and been conducted to the altar where he became seated, the bishop elect was introduced by the assistant bishops. His grace asked for the injunction of his Holiness, whereupon the bulls were read aloud by the Rev. Walter Cantwell. The elect made a profession of faith, and underwent the prescribed examination by the archbishop, who at the close, offered up the prayer. A portion of the Preface was then read, after which the choir chanted the beautiful hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus." His grace then rose, and having laid aside his mitre, continued the following portion of the Preface: "May this, O Lord, rain abundantly upon his head, &c., &c." Subsequently, and while the elect continued kneeling, the hands of the elect were anointed, his grace, as he did so, saying: "Be these hands anointed with the blessed oil and chrism of consecration. As Samuel anointed David to be king and prophet, so be thou anointed and consecrated." His grace blessed the crozier, sprinkling it with holy water, and presenting it to the elect said: "Receive the staff of the pastoral office, that thou mayest in the correction of vice, temper punishment with mercy, and hold judgment without anger, that in cherishing virtue thou mayest console the affections of thy hearers, but in calmness of mind not surrender the severity of reproof!" The ring was next blessed and put on, the Gospels were delivered to the touch of the bishop elect, his grace saying: "Take thou the Gospel and go forth, and preach this to the people who are entrusted to thee." His lordship was then received to the kiss of peace by the archbishop and bishops, after which he was conducted back to his chapel, and his head and hands which had been bound, having been washed from the chrism, the Mass was continued to the Gospel. The deacons at the High Mass were the Rev. Mr. Wall, C.C., and the Rev. Mr. Slatery, C.C., nephews of the late lamented archbishop.

The Lord Bishop of Kerry ascended the steps of the high altar and proceeded to deliver a most effective discourse, full of learning and

argument, upon the remarkable text he selected as appropriate to the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, and upon the beautiful and thrilling ceremony of the day. Having announced the text—"Thou art Peter, upon this rock I will build my Church," and having enlarged in beautiful terms upon this text, his lordship said it was a delightful thing for the human mind, and at the same time most consoling to the faithful, to contemplate a prophecy and to witness at the same time its fulfillment. More than 1800 years ago Christ uttered to Peter the words, "Thou art Peter, upon this rock I will build my Church," and upon that day, when the church celebrated the martyrdom of St. Peter, they were in that temple carrying out in the ceremony then being performed—the commands of the successor of St. Peter, the Pontiff who sat upon his throne and governed in his stead by the same divine authority. A venerable Archbishop, the metropolitan of an extensive province, passed away to take his place amongst the confessors who sat on the heavenly thrones. His lordship continued his discourse for some time longer in a strain of the present eloquence, and concluded by calling on all present prelates, priests, and people, to pray the Almighty that He would give grace and strength to the newly-consecrated bishop to discharge for many long years his sacred functions, so that the salvation of his people and the greatest glory of God would be promoted. The consecrating prelate commenced the "Te Deum," during the chanting of which the bishop elect was led pontifically by the assistant bishops through the church, imparting his benediction. As he passed along, clothed in all the dignity and sanctity of his office, the people could not restrain their emotions of joy, and the scene became exciting. The people crowded around his lordship to receive his first episcopal blessing, and a considerable time passed before he was enabled to return to the sanctuary. He was then conducted to his chapel, where he was partially disrobed, and the prescribed prayers having been repeated, the prelates and clergy returned to the sacristy.

Domestic.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.—The Annual Examinations of the Students of this College were held during the last week. Three days were spent in testing the proficiency of the students in the various classes. His Grace the Archbishop, several of the clergymen of the college and of the Cathedral were present, and took part in the examinations. Monday, the 6th, was appointed for the distribution of premiums. The large room of the college was tastefully decorated with flags, and the pillars and walls neatly festooned with green boughs, flowers, &c. His Grace the Archbishop occupied an elevated seat under a canopy. Several of the parents of the children, and other friends of the institution were present. A well written and appropriate Address, drawn up by the students, was presented to His Grace the Archbishop. Several of the classes were then examined in Greek and Latin, in Mechanics, Geometry, Belles Lettres, Arithmetic, &c. Several pieces were admirably delivered by four of the Elocution class.—*Hallifax Catholic*, July 11.

Morrow was lately visited by the Most Rev. Archbishop Parcel. The result of the visit was a determination on the part of the flock to finish the Church which is still without pews, gallery-railing, permanent altar and pulpit; to erect a pastoral residence and provide for the resumption of the school. Ample means were subscribed towards those various purposes by men who are of the substantial worth to keep their word, and who yield to none in zeal for their holy religion.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

PASTORAL VISIT.—The Bishop of St. Hyacinthe has just terminated a pastoral visit, commenced at Sorel and ended at Belœil. He confirmed during the route 2,060 persons. Rev. Mr. A. O'Donnell, vicar of Sorel, has been made cure of St. Marie de Monnoir.—*Toronto Mirror*.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. Bernier, Cure of St. Anselme, died on Saturday, the 11th inst., in the General Hospital of Quebec. The Rev. gentleman was in his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death. *R. I. P.—Montreal True Witness*.

The distribution of premiums at St. Mary's Female Institute, Bryantown, will take place Thursday, July 30th, commencing at 9 A.M.

CALLING OUT THE MILITARY.—Among the many fatal mistakes the Metropolitan Police Commissioners are committing, no one is more decidedly destructive to the future welfare of the city than the childish way they are treating the military. This arm should never be triflingly invoked in support of the civil law, and when it is, there should be a solemn necessity, and the severe rule of military government should for the time prevail. Up to the present hour the calling out of the military has had no other effect than to make the regiments under arms simply ridiculous. We would recommend the Colonels of the different regiments so frequently called upon, and also the men, to speedily get up a remonstrance at the present child's play of calling out fifteen hundred troops to put down a crowd who happen to have assembled in the street for no riotous purposes, and who would, if properly appealed to, have dispersed instantly. If this is not done the military will soon be hooted at in the streets, as are the Metropolitan Policemen. The military owe it to their self-respect to protest against the present folly of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners.—*Daily News*.

CITY NEWS.

THE POLICE RIOT IN THE SEVENTEENTH WARD.

The Seventeenth Ward of this city was lately the scene of an unusual excitement which commenced on Sunday of last week. On the evening of the above day, while numbers of the inhabitants of that Ward, who for the most part are Germans, were returning to their homes, they were set upon by some members of the Metropolitan Police, who brought their clubs and revolvers into requisition, the consequence of which was, that a peaceable and well-disposed German citizen named John Muller was shot dead, and several persons, among whom were women, children and even infants, were grievously maltreated. The death of Muller was the signal for an excitement almost amounting to a breach of the peace. On the following day (Monday) stores and places of business were closed, while groups of angry men roamed through the streets, or congregated on the sidewalks in bands of fifties and twenties, discussing the various incidents connected with the outrages, wantonly perpetrated on themselves, their families and children, by the obnoxious policemen. The funeral of the murdered man took place on Tuesday, and long before the remains were removed from the residence of his wife and family, immense crowds assembled on the avenues and streets in the vicinity. Shortly after 4 o'clock the coffin was placed in the hearse and the procession formed. The windows, sidewalks, and every available spot along the line of procession was crowded by spectators. Immediately behind the hearse was borne a white banner draped in mourning, on which was inscribed the following inscription in black letters: "A sacrifice of the Metropolitan Police." Before the procession moved, a determination was come to, to march past the Metropolitan Police Station, on the corner of Bowery and Third streets on the way to Calvary Cemetery. To this several influential persons among the Germans objected, but the masses were determined it should pass by no other route, and accordingly the objection was overruled and the procession moved on. By this time the participants amounted to nearly ten thousand men, not a female was present, not even the wife of the deceased, while the soldier-like and orderly procession displayed by the majority of those composing the cortege, evinced them as citizen soldiers, or at best, men who at some period of their lives belonged to the military profession. When the procession came in sight of the Station-house an incident occurred which had well nigh resulted in disastrous consequences. A reckless individual belonging to the obnoxious police came forward on the sidewalk displaying his badge of office in the most conspicuous manner, and brandishing a club which was carefully attached to his wrist by a string. The appearance of the man in this bravado and threatening attitude was met by the Germans with angry scowls; the procession halted and came to a stand before the Station-house—it was a critical moment—but the calamity was averted, for the Marshals, with an alacrity and foresight which is above all praise, remonstrated with those under their charge, the order to move forward was given and obeyed, and with the exception of some hisses and execrations as the coffin was borne past, no further violence was attempted.

Since Monday none of the police have appeared in the Ward, their officers very prudently concluding not to patrol that quarter. The idea was a sagacious one, and not without its good effects, for in the absence of the Metropolitan a number of persons were appointed by the people themselves, whose directions were obeyed with alacrity and cheerfulness, owing to the bare fact that they were known to entertain no feelings of hostility to the multitude. It would be a gross violation of truth to assert that the conduct of the new police force was other than outrageous and vindictive. Neither sex nor age was a protection from their violence. Of this several well attested instances are on record. The murdered man Muller was not engaged in a row, neither did he premeditate one. He was proceeding to his home in a quiet and inoffensive manner, when he was shot down, intentionally or otherwise we have no opportunity of deciding, and shot too while his face was turned away from the direction of the police as the nature of the wound fully testifies.

At the time we write the Seventeenth Ward is perfectly quiet, nor does the least danger exist that the peace will be again disturbed so long as its citizens are allowed to pursue their

occupations unmolested. These Germans are a peculiar people not liable to change, wedded to habits and traditions which have existed for ages. Now those habits and peculiarities pleasing to themselves, as they are harmless to others, they will exercise wherever their destiny is cast, or among whatever people. Naturally harmless and unoffending, they possess in common with all natures of that sort, an abhorrence of interference which they will resist at a moment's warning, and certainly when a disorderly and ferocious body, armed to the teeth, perambulate the streets driving within doors a peaceable population, and felling to the ground those who refuse, it will be readily admitted there is ample cause here for men to resort to arms for the purpose of self-defence, and the protection of their wives and children. And such was the case in the Seventeenth Ward. Men, women and children, without the slightest cause, were driven from the streets, precluded from breathing the air of Heaven; in the words of a contemporary, "The men of the Metropolitan force went about the streets before the riot, driving everybody they met into the houses—though the night was sultry and confinement within doors very unwholesome; that they made no scruples to club every one who refused to obey their orders, and split the skulls of several who merely asked to be allowed to stand on the sidewalk to breathe the fresh air; in a word, that they acted with such ferocious violence that the people of the Ward would have required to be women not to have rebelled."

We have observed that certain Journals and Journalists have been striving might and main to couple the Irish population with those riots, but the effort has been weak as it was criminal. But there is cause for all this; a cause which it is here unnecessary to recapitulate. We cannot conclude this article without paying a tribute to the dignified course taken by our cotemporaries of the German press, in connection with this matter. Without becoming partizans they have not hesitated to speak their opinions candidly and above board, like men who had a character to sustain and a people to defend from calumny and aggression.

HOOPS AND MAD DOGS.—Nothing so bad but something good will be found to accrue from it. Such is the case in the present instance. A lady residing in Hudson street while passing down Twelfth street from Broadway last week, was set upon by a mad dog. Fortunately for herself, this person was enveloped in a whalebone hoop of formidable dimensions, of which the animal took hold, tore away a part and then passed on. He was shortly afterwards killed.

THE CATTLE MARKET.—The market was exceedingly well supplied last market day. As usual, under such circumstances, prices were down. Over six hundred head were left over unsold, although the butchers had supplied themselves plentifully.

A lady named Fitz-Gerald was relieved of her pocket book containing ten dollars in one of the Grand street stages last week by means of chloroform. A woman very fashionably attired sat beside her, took out her pocket handkerchief, and passed it rather carelessly two or three times across the face of Mrs. Fitz-Gerald. The consequence was that Mrs. F. fell into a sleep from which she did not wake until the contents of her purse was abstracted. It is needless to add that by this time the lady who used the handkerchief so advantageously had disappeared.

The members of Dr. Cheever's Church, corner of Fifteenth street and Union square, commonly known as the Church of the Puritans, are at loggerheads. It is almost impossible to define the cause of disagreement. Meetings are held weekly at which protests are read, committees appointed, and various other absurdities perpetrated. Taken as a whole congregation, Parson, Deacon, &c., they seem to be a funny lot.

A woman, who gave her name as Dorothy Young, was arrested on Thursday, the 16th inst., charged with having stolen three hundred dollar's worth of jewelry from a store in Broadway. She is also charged with having taken one hundred and fifty dollar's worth of valuables from a second party, as well as a \$100 note from a third.

It is in contemplation to sell Washington Market. The friends of the measure affirm that the convenience, profit, and sanitary welfare of the city require this step to be taken, while their opponents urge that Washington Market pays more into the city treasury than all the other markets combined.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE HENS?—“Have not had an egg for a week, and the corn they eat is a caution in these hard times.” They are shut up in a yard, of course, and cannot have access to the green grass, and to the insects which Providence has provided for them in Summer. “Man shall not live by bread alone.” And the proverb is true of fowls. What could you expect of sensible hens, but that they would stop laying when you cut off the supplies. Now get a liver from the butcher's stall, or any other cheap meat, and see with what avidity they will devour it, and almost quarrel for the last morsel. Oaf from the fish market, or any animal food, will answer quite as well. If at a distance from markets, upon the farm, and you confine your hens, mix coarse meal with whey, or skimmed milk, to satisfy their craving for animal food. Supply them also with clear water, and grass or weeds daily, and ashes and oyster shells. Look also at the roosts, and keep the droppings well sprinkled with plaster and muck. Attend to these things, and you and the hens will soon sing a new song over fresh laid eggs.

THINNING OUT VEGETABLES.—It seems a pity to put a hoe into those luxuriant rows of beets, carrots, parsnips, and onions, that already give promise of an abundant harvest. But full two-thirds of them must still be sacrificed before you can get a full crop. They are cramped for room. The carrot sends out its roots on all sides of the main tap, and if it have chance, will completely occupy the soil on all sides of it with its fine rootlets. One root will appropriate the aliment in a square foot of soil, much better than a half dozen, and will make a greater weight of nutritious food at the harvest. This is what wise cultivators are seeking for—the most food upon the least surface. Thin out then to six or eight inches apart, and if you want very large specimens for the fairs, make the spaces a foot wide. The roots that are pulled up are excellent fodder for cows and pigs, and if you throw a few into the poultry yard, they will be appreciated. Try it and see.

LOSS OF HOGS BY DISEASE.—A writer in a Cincinnati paper, giving an idea of the number of hogs that have died this season by cholera, states the losses at the following places, thus: Ingham's distillery, from the 1st of August to the 24th of October, 1,285. At the distillery in Pittsburgh since the 18th of October, 2,566. Mr. Platte, of Rising Sun, lost 500; Mr. Slunner, of Covington, 500; Messrs. Gaff, of Aurora, 4,546. At New-Richmond, since the disease made its appearance, 10,435 have died. Making an aggregate, as far as accounts have been received, of 60,000 hogs, valued at \$300,000, and when fattened would have been worth \$650,000.

MARRIED.

RILEY—MALLOW.—On Monday, July 13, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Mr. John P. Maloney, Mr. RILEY to Miss TERESA A. MALLOW, both of Brooklyn.

San Francisco Bulletin please copy.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COAL.—The inquiry for domestic has continued active and prices are without important variation; the receipts have been largely in excess of the corresponding week last year, but for the season they are still behind those of last season; the demand for the coal trade is good and cargoes are freely taken at \$3.90c-4.20c, and from yard we quote \$4.40c-4.50c per ton. In foreign there is little change to note; prices are nominal at \$5.85c-5.90c for Liverpool Orrel, and \$10 for Canal.

GRAIN.—The demand for the prominent feature in this branch of trade; prices are somewhat nominal in the absence of sales of any magnitude, at 22c-23c; the same remarks may apply to other descriptions; last sales of Plain Spinn at 41c-42c, and Patent do at 51c-52c.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is more active, and, with moderate arrivals, prices are firmer, especially the low grades; the better brands trade in limited quantities for the home and Eastern trade, but we hear of nothing for export; the sales are 8,900 bbls.

FEATHERS.—The demand is quite moderate for domestic, and prices are nominal at 10c-11c; for Ohio and River, Foreign is quiet at 13c-14c.

WHEAT.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BARLEY.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BUCKWHEAT.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

RYE.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BARLEY.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BUCKWHEAT.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

RYE.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BARLEY.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BUCKWHEAT.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

RYE.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BARLEY.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BUCKWHEAT.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

RYE.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

BARLEY.—The demand for Western is quite limited for export, and only moderate for milling, and with more arriving, prices are 80c-81c; lower; the sales are 4,000 bush. New Southern at 11c-12c for red; 32 for amber; and 32 for white; 4,000 bush. poor Canadian Club at 11c; and 9,500 bush. Milwaukee Club at 11c-12c, closing quiet at about the inside figure. Rye is in moderate supply, and quiet at 11c-12c.

ties; but the market being bare of stock, it has been mostly purchased on arrival at full prices, though comparatively not so high as the rates paid in the interior, which, in most instances, have been fabulous. During the last few years cereal products have sold at so high rates that farmers have paid but little attention to wool raising, and manufacturers being aware of this fact, have not hesitated to pay them their own prices this year. Come what may it is certain the Woolen producers of the country cannot stop their machinery, and as there is no surplus stock available anywhere at high rates, they have come to the conclusion to pay the farmers' prices that will stimulate them to raise larger supplies. The sales of the week were 100,000 lbs. super and extra fine fleeces at 41c-42c, the former for de Laine, and the latter for Casimere purposes, also some 15,000 lbs. old super and extra country pulled at 42c-43c.

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Rev. Bishop Edward Joseph Fenwick, B.D., of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and discharges its duties in a remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is designed to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is \$150 00
For Half-Boarders, " " " " " " " " 100 00
For Day-Boarders, " " " " " " " " 50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments, " " " " 10 00
Graduation Fees, " " " " " " " " 10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of " " " " " " " " 20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, and Medical attendance. All charges must be paid half yearly in advance.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without uniform. All must wear black and white suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J., President.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith according to the rules of the Society of Jesus. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefits of the country air. The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in those of study.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the 14th Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bed-linen, paid half yearly in advance, is \$150 00
For Students not learning Greek or Latin " " " " " " " " 125 00
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra " " " " " " " " 15 00
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum " " " " " " " " 20 00
Music, per annum " " " " " " " " 40 00
Use of Piano, per annum " " " " " " " " 8 00

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors' Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c. nov17

REV. P. REILLY, President.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS Institution, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—twelve to sixteen years—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantua-making, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and **GUARDIANS** will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instruction. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, \$25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

oct18 if JOHN MCKINNEY, Principal.

EDUCATION.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish the pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Terms.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly in advance. Classical Course per session of ten months, \$1 75 Commercial " " " " " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of \$50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Elmore of New Orleans.

Communications to be addressed to
REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D., President.

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is so adapted to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.
MICHAEL DRISCOLL, S. J., President.

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	Captains.	Tonnage.
ATMOSPHERE,	Gray,	2,000
DE WIT CLINTON,	Smith,	2,000
ENTERPRISE,	Devil,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dolland,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRBEN,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutler,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OLIVE HILL (new),	Stevens,	2,400
ROBERT KELLEY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
DE WIT CLINTON,	Boyle,	2,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets, such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several new Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is especially called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.
Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.
England.—Messrs. GUY, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid to
WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,

116 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Coburg, N. Y.
T. OHEA & CANTILLON, Dubuque, Iowa.

TAPSCOTT & CO.'S

General Emigration and Foreign Exchange Office,

No. 86 South Street, New York,

AGENTS FOR

TAPSCOTT'S LINE LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Arrangements for 1857.

THE Subscribers will continue to issue Passage Certificates for persons coming from the Old Country for their favorite and unequalled Line of Liverpool Packets, and also for X Line of London Packets, on the same favorable terms as heretofore; and they also draw Drafts as usual for large or small amounts, payable at sight, throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany.

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,

AGENTS.

69 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Arrangements for 1857.

Persons desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the Subscribers, and have them brought out by the

BLACK BALL OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American Ships weekly.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Passage Certificate and Receipt.

The "Black Ball" or "Old Line of Liverpool Packets" comprise the following magnificent and fast-sailing ships:

HARVEST QUEEN (new), COLUMBIA,
ISAAC WEBB (new), FIDELIA,
GREAT WESTERN, MANHATTAN,
ISAAC WRIGHT, YORKSHIRE,
NEPTUNE (new), JAMES POSTER (new).

Provisions of the best quality are provided for Passengers, and served out, at the rate per week of 24 lbs. Bread or Biscuit, 1 lb. Flour, 5 lbs. Tea, 2 lbs. Rice, 4 lb. Sugar, 1 lb. Molasses, and 2 oz. Tallow, to each Adult Passenger.

We issue Drafts at Sight for any amount on the ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND AND DUBLIN

And on Messrs. ROCHE, BROTHERS, Dublin;
Messrs. PRESOTT, GROTE & CO., Bankers, London.

Which are paid in at all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

Apply or address, if by letter (postpaid), to
ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,
69 South Street, corner of Pine, New York

Please recollect the name and address, ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, 69 South Street, near the Wall Street Ferry.

AGENTS.

Messrs. Roche, Brothers, 38 Eden Quay, Dublin.
" Solomon, Stugs & Co., Janeville, Ohio.
" Kellogg, Fitzgerald & Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
" Harry & Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Bryan, Gardner & Co., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
" Darling & Co., Bankers, Green Bay, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" A. & D. O'Brien, St. Louis, Mo.
" G. C. Whitney & Son, Chicago, Ill.
" Mr. R. D. Hungerford, Banker, Adams, N. Y.
" R. B. Newell, Bank of London, Rondt, N. Y.
" M. O'Grady, Canandaigua, N. Y.
" Bernard K. Fallon, Hartford, Conn.
" Michael Ivory, West Troy, N. Y.
" A. A. Cody, Middleton, Conn.
" Edward H. Bunker, Chicago, Ill.
" Patrick Morrissey, New Haven, Conn.
" P. Sheehan, Lowell, Mass.
" Thomas Keogh, Milwaukee, Wis.
" Patrick Dillon, Geneva, N. Y.

SAMUEL THOMPSON & NEPIEW'S

BLACK STAR LINE

OF

LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Subscriber, continuing the business of the late firm of Samuel Thompson & Nepiew, is now prepared to bring out Passengers at very low rates by the favorite Line, composed of the following splendid Ships sailing from Liverpool every week:

Jeremiah Thompson, Lucy Thompson,
Lady Franklin, Webster,
City of the West, Callahan,
Excelsior, Henry Clay,
Sardinia, Orient,
Conqueror, Empire State,
America, City of New York.

These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

Drafts at Sight can also be had on any amount on all the branches of the Bank of Ireland, and National Bank of Scotland; or F. C. Glyn & Co., Bankers, London, and on C. Grimshaw & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

Apply to SAMUEL THOMPSON & NEPIEW,
Old Established Office, 25 Pearl St., N. Y.
Or to C. GRIMSHAW & CO.,
10 Goree Piazza, 505 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Line of Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount. For further information and particulars, apply to F. O'CONNOR, Joliet, Illinois.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by
P. O'CONNOR.

OHIO

BOOK TRADE.

SADLER & CO'S

CATALOGUE OF POPULAR CATHOLIC WORKS AND SCHOOL BOOKS.
PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE MOST REVER. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.
And for Sale by Them, Wholesale and Retail.

We would most respectfully invite the attention of the Catholic Community to the following list of our Publications. On examination it will be found that our Books are very popular and valuable; that they are well printed and bound; and that they are cheaper than any books published in this country.

The Books of the other Catholic Publishers kept constantly on hand, and sold at their lowest prices.

Any of the following Books will be sent by post on receipt of the price.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

Catholic Family Bible, with Dr. Challoner's Notes and Reflections. Imperial 4to, superfine paper, 25 fine engravings, from \$1 to \$22.
Do. do. fine edition, with 17 engravings, from \$2 to \$10.
Do. do. small 4to, from \$2 25 to \$4.
Donay Bible, 8vo., from \$1 to \$3.
Pocket Bible, from \$1 to \$3.
Donay Testament, 12mo., from 27 cents.

CATHOLIC MUSIC.

The Catholic Choir Book; or the Morning and Evening Service of the Catholic Church, oblong 4to, 300 pages, \$2 00.
The Catholic Hymn, an excellent collection of Masses, Hymns, &c., half bound, 35 cents.

PRAYER BOOKS.

Published with the approbation of Cardinal Wiseman, and Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Beautifully illustrated.
The Golden Manual; a guide to Catholic Devotion, Public and Private, 1041 pages, at prices from 75 cents to \$25. This, with without exception, the most complete Prayer Book ever published.
The Way to Heaven (a companion to the Golden Manual), a select Manual for daily use, 18mo, 750 pages, at prices from 60 cents to \$20.
The Guardian of the Soul, to which is prefixed Bishop England's Explanation of the Mass, 18mo, 600 pages, from 38 cents to \$4.
The Key of Heaven, greatly enlarged and improved, 38 cents to \$3.
The Path to Paradise, 32mo., at prices varying from 25 cents to \$5.
The Path to Paradise, 48mo., do., from 20 cents to \$5.
The Gate of Heaven, with Prayers.
Mass illustrated, with 40 plates, at 25 cents to \$4.
Pocket Manual, with 40 plates, at 25 cents to \$4.
The Complete Missal, in Latin and English, from \$2 to \$6.
Journal du Chretien (a fine French Prayer Book), 630 pages at 75 cents.
Petit Paroissien (a Pocket French Prayer Book), 13 cents to 50 cents.

CATHOLIC TALES.

Fabiola, by Cardinal Wiseman. Cloth, 75 cents; cloth gilt, 1 12 1/2.
Catholic Legends. Cloth, 50 cents; cloth gilt, 75 cents.
The Witch of Milton Hill, 50 cents; cloth gilt, 75 cents.
The Brides and Flanagans, by Mrs. Sadler, 75 cents; cloth gilt, 1 12 1/2.
Tales and Legends from History, 63 cents; cloth gilt, 87 1/2.
Callista, by Dr. Newman, 75 cents; cloth gilt, 1 12 1/2.
Ravens from the Web of Life, 75 cents.
Well! Well! by M. A. Wallace, 75 cents.
New Lights, by Mrs. Sadler, 75 cents.
Orphan of Moscow, translated by Mrs. Sadler, 60 cents.
Castle of Rousillon, do., do., 60 cents.
Benjamin, do., do., 60 cents.
Tales of the Boyhood of Great Painters, 2 vols., 60 cents.
The Miner's Daughter, by Miss Caddell, 98 cents.
The Young Savoyard, 98 cents.
Les Genevoises, by Miss Caddell, 98 cents.
One Hundred and Forty Tales, by Canon Schmidt, 98 cents.
The Knout, translated by Mrs. Sadler, 98 cents.
The Mission of Death, by M. E. Walworth, 98 cents.
The Tales of the Feudals, 98 cents.
Black Leslie and other Tales, 98 cents.
Sick Calls, from the Diary of a Priest, 98 cents.
The Poor Scholar, by William Carleton, 98 cents.
The Beggar, and other Tales, do., 98 cents.
Art Maguire, do., 98 cents.
Valentine McClutchy, do., Half.
bound, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Butler's Lives of the Saints, 4 vols., with 29 engravings, 19 to \$18.
Butler's Lives of the Saints, (Cheap Edition), 4 vols., \$5.
De Ligny's Life of Christ and His Apostles; translated from the French, with 15 engravings, by Mrs. Sadler, from 75 cents to \$1.
Orain's Life of the Blessed Virgin, with the History of the Devotion to Her—to which is added Meditations on the Litany, by Abbe Barthe; translated by Mrs. Sadler, 4to., with 16 engravings, from 75 to \$12.
The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, by the Count Montalembert, plain \$1; gilt, \$1 50.
Life of St. Bernard, by Abbe Ratisbonne, \$1 50.
History of Missions in Japan and Paraguay, by Miss Caddell, 63 cents; cloth, 88 cents.
History of the War in La Vendee, by Hill; with two maps and seven engravings, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 12 1/2.
Heroes of Charity, Mrs. Seton and others, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.
Pictures of Christian Heroism, by Dr. Manning, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.
The Life of St. Francis of Rome, by Lady Fulterton, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.
Lives of the Early Martyrs, by Mrs. Hope, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 13.
Popular Modern History, by Matthew Bridges, \$1; cloth, 75 cents.
Popular Ancient History, by Do. do., 75 cents; cloth, \$1 12 1/2.
Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, by Bishop Challoner, 75 cents; cloth, \$1 12 1/2.
Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Erie, 35 cents.
Ave, Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, with 13 plates, \$3 90.
Macgeoghegan's History of Ireland, vo., \$2 25 to \$5.
Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, \$1 00.
O'Connor's Military History of the Irish Brigade, 1 50.
And's Life of Henry the VIII., 1 00.
Bossuet's History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches, 2 vols., \$1 50.
Reeve's History of the Bible, with 230 cuts, 50 cents.
Paston's History of the Church, 75 cents.
Cobbett's History of the Reformation, 2 vols., in one, 75 cts.
Challoner's Short History of the Protestant Religion, 19 cents.

BALMES' GREAT WORK ON PHILOSOPHY.

Fundamental Philosophy, by the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson; with an Introduction and Notes, by O. A. Brownson, vol. 8vo., cloth, \$3 50; half morocco, \$4 00.

BOOK TRADE.

BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION AND CONTROVERSY.

Brownson's Essays and Reviews on Theology, Politics, and Socialism, \$1 25.
Collet's Doctrinal and Scriptural Catechism, translated by Mrs. Sadler, half bound, 38 cents; muslin 50 cents.
The Catholic Christian Instruction, by Bishop Challoner, flexible cloth, 25 cents; bound, 35 cents.
Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible, 50 cts.
Cobbett's Letters to Parsons, 50 cts.
Miller's End of Controversy, muslin, 50 cts.
Religion in Society, by Abbe Martinet, with an Introduction by Archbishop Hughes, \$1 00.
Tone and Maguire's Discussion, 75 cents.
Ward's Catechism, or England's Reformation, 50 cts.
Duty of a Christian towards God, translated by Mrs. Sadler, cloth, 50 cents.

DEVOTIONAL WORKS.

The Altar Manual; including Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and Devotions to the Sacred Heart. 18mo., roan, 75 cents; roan, gilt, \$1 00.
The Christian Instruction, by Father Quadrupani; to which is added the Nineteen Stations of Jerusalem, 25 cents.
The Little Testament of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, 15 cents; roan, gilt, 31 cents.
Circles of the Living Rosary, illustrated. Printed on card paper, per dozen, 35 cents to \$2 50.
The Following of Christ, with Prayers and Reflections (new), at from 35 cents to \$2 50.
The Graces of Mary; or, Devotions for the Month of May, 35 cents to \$2 50.
Think Well On't, by Bishop Challoner, 50 cts.
Practical Piety, by St. Francis of Sales, 50 cts.
St. Augustine's Confessions, 50 cts.

CATECHISMS.

Collet's Doctrinal and Scriptural Catechism. Half bound, 38 cents; cloth, 50 cents.
BUTLER'S CATECHISM. \$3 00.
The Catechism, Approved by the Council of Quebec, 25 cents.
Do. for the Diocese of Toronto, \$3 per 100.
Abridgment of the Christian Doctrine for the Diocese of Boston, \$2 00.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Most of the School Books on the following list were prepared at the special request of the Provincial Brothers of the Christian Schools, and they are now in use in all the Schools, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, as well as in a great many of the Colleges and Convents of the United States and British Provinces.

New Catholic School Books.

The attention of Catholic Houses of Education is called to—BISSEPS' POPULAR ARITHMETIC AND MODERN HIS-
TORY. (Just Published).
A Popular Ancient History, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., Professor of History in the Irish University, 12mo., 75 cents.
A Popular Modern History, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., 12mo., 75 cents.
These volumes containing, as they do, a large quantity of matter, with complete Indexes, Tables of Chronology, &c., &c., will be found equally useful for Popular Reading as a standard Text Book, or as a Manual for Schools. (New and Revised Edition).
The First Book of History, combined with Geography and Chronology for younger classes. By John G. Shea, Esq., and the Editors of Catholic Missions. 12mo., illustrated with 40 engravings and 6 maps, half bound, 38 cents; arabesque, 50 cents.
Shea's Primary History of the United States. By way of Questions and Answers. (Just Published.) 25 cents.
Stepping Stone to Grammar. Do. 10 cts.
Stepping Stone to Geography. Do. 10 cts.
The First Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. 72 pages, muslin back and stiff cover, 64 cents.
Second Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools, 33 cents.
Third Book of Reading Lessons. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New and enlarged edition, having Spelling, Accentuation and Definition at the head of each chapter. 12mo., of 400 pages, half bound, 38 cents.
The Duty of a Christian towards God, to which is added Prayers at Mass, the Rules of Christian Piety. Translated from the French of the Venerable J. B. De La Salle, founder of the Christian Schools, by Mrs. J. Sadler. 12mo., 400 pages, half bound, 38 cents.
Reeve's History of the Bible, 50 cts.
Carpenter's Spelling Assistant, 15 cts.
Murray's Grammar, abridged, with Notes by Putnam, 25 cts.
Walkington's Arithmetic, 25 cts.
Bridge's Algebra, revised by Atkinson, 31 cts.
Russell's Catechism of Geography, revised and greatly enlarged. For the use of the Christian Brothers, 12mo., 124 pages, price only 19 cents, bound. This is the cheapest and best primary Geography in use.
Walker's pronouncing Dictionary, 30 cents.
Mason's Primer, 2 cents; or \$1 50 cents per gross.
Davis' Table Book, 2 cents; or \$1 50 cents per gross.
Letter, Footscap, and Note Paper.
Copy and Copying Books. Blank Books, in every variety.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL BOOKS.

New Editions of PERRIN'S ELEMENTS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONVERSATION; with new, familiar, and easy dialogues, and a suitable Vocabulary. Price, 25 cents.
Perrin's Fables (in French, with English Notes), 25 cents.
Perrin's French and English Dictionary, 64 cts.
A Stock of School Books and Stationery in general use kept constantly on hand. Catalogues can be had on application.
A Liberal Discount made to all who buy in quantities.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

164 William street, New York;
32 Federal street, Boston; and
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis
Xavier sts., Montreal, C. E.

FOREIGN BOOKS JUST IMPORTED.

CANON MISSE Pontificales. Folio, various bindings.
Epistles and Evangelia Totius Anni. Folio, various bindings.
Missie Romanum. Mechlin. Paris, and Tours Editions, folio, quarto, octavo, 12mo., in various bindings.
Breviarium Romanum. 4 vols. Paris, Mechlin, and Tours Editions. 8vo., 12mo., 16mo., various bindings.
Breviarium Romanum. 2 vols. Paris, Mechlin, and Tours Editions. various bindings.
Duraale Romanum. Paris and Mechlin Editions, various bindings.
Pontificale Romanum. 3 vols., octavo. Mechlin Edition, various bindings.
Cereemoniale Episcoporum. 8vo. Mechlin Edition, various bindings.
Missie Pontificales. Mechlin Edition.
Decreta Pastoralia.
Rituale Romanum.
Augustini Catechismum.
Novum Testamentum et Imitatio.
Manuale Pietatis.
Bona de Sacrificio Missie.
Chrystianum de Sacerdotio.
Paradiisus Animie Christiane.
Gradual Roman.
Exercises de Piete.
Cetele Palmatum.
Manuel de Societe de St. Vincent de Paul.
Eucologio Romano.
Duraale Ordium Predicatorum.
D. & J. SADLER & CO.,
164 William street,
New York.

BOOK TRADE.

COMPLETE

Works and Life of Gerald Griffin.

NEW EDITION OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN, revised and corrected by his Brother. Illustrated with splendid Steel Engravings, and printed on the finest paper. To be complete in twenty-five to thirty weekly parts, at 25 cents each—completing the following Tales:

1. THE COLLEAGUES. A Tale of Garrison.
2. CARD DRAWING. A Tale of Clare.
3. THE HALF SIR. " Munster.
4. SUII DHUV. " Tipperary.
5. THE RIVALS. A Tale of Wicklow; and TRACY'S AMBITION.
6. HOLLAND TIDE. THE AYLMERS OF BALLYALYMER. THE HAND AND WORD, and BARBER OF BANTRY.
7. TALES OF THE JURY ROOM. Containing: SIGISMUND THE STOUT. TELLER AT FAULT. THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH, &c., &c.
8. THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH. A Tale of the English Insurrection.
9. THE POETICAL WORKS AND TRAGEDY OF GYSSIPUS.
10. INVASTION. A Tale of the Conquest.
11. LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN. By his Brother.
12. TALES OF FIVE SENSES, and NIGHT AT SEA.

The Works will also be bound in cloth extra, and issued in Ten Monthly Volumes, at One Dollar per Volume. Sent free by post to any part of the United States.

In presenting to the American public, a first edition of the Works of Gerald Griffin, the Publishers may remark that it will be found to be the only complete one. Neither in the London nor Dublin editions, could the Publishers include the historical novel of "The Invasion," and the celebrated tragedy of "Gysippus." As are not subject to any restriction arising from the British copyright, we have included the former with the prose, and the latter with the poetical works of the Author.

We are also indebted to near relatives of Mr. Griffin, residing in this country, for an original contribution to this edition; which will be found gratefully acknowledged in the proper place.
As the life of the Author forms the subject of one entire volume, we cannot but be glad to see the interest his name continues to excite. Unlike the majority of writers of fiction, his reputation has widely expanded since his death. In 1840, when he was laid in his grave, at the early age of seven and thirty, not one person knew the loss a pure Literature had sustained, for fifty who now join veneration for his virtues, to admiration for his various and delightful talents. The goodness of his heart, the purity of his life, the combined humor and pathos of his writings, all promise longevity of reputation to Gerald Griffin.

"He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and so men or he might wept."
He united all the simplicity and cordiality of Oliver Goldsmith to much of the fiery energy and manly zeal of Robert Burns. His life does not disappoint the reader, who turns from the works to their author; it is, indeed, the most delightful and harmonious of all his works. From his childish sports and stories by the Shannon until his manly and enviable death beside "the pleasant waters" of the Lee, a golden thread of rectitude runs through all his actions. A literary adventurer in London at nineteen, with a Spanish tragedy for his sole capital, famous at thirty, a religious life for his sole aim, a tenant of the Christian Brothers' Convent at thirty-seven—the main story of his life is soon told. Over its details, we are confident, many a reader will fondly linger, and often return to contemplate so strange and so noble a picture. Golden threads of his secret heart they will find sentiments issuing not unworthy of St. Francis de Sales, while from his brain have sprung creations of character which might have been proudly fathered by Walter Scott.
Canvassers wanted every part of the United States and Canada to sell this Work.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,
164 William street, New York;
32 Federal street, Boston; and
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis
Xavier sts., Montreal, C. E.
Agents—Philadelphia:—Mr. JAMES WILLET, No. 12 North Twelfth, and Mr. P. CUN-
NINGHAM, 104 South Third Street.
Chicago:—P. J. SHERLOCK.

New Books Just Published.

A New and Revised Edition of

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

By the Count DE MONTALEMBERT.
The Life, translated by MARY HACKETT; and the Introduction by Mrs. J. SADLER.

The Work has been read over, carefully compared with the Original, and the Translation amended wherever it required it.

Large 12mo., with a steel engraving after Oberbleik; Cloth, extra, \$1; Cloth, gilt, \$1 50.

LIFE OF CHRIST;

OR,
Jesus Revealed to Childhood and Youth.

By the ABBE F. LAGRANGE.

Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. SADLER.

WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE

MOST REVER. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New York.

18mo., with 10 Illustrations. Cloth, extra, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

THE IRISH PROPHECIES.

The Prophecies of SS. COLUMBKILL, MARYTAMACHT, ULIAN, SERAPUS, BEARACRI and MALACHY. Also the Prophecies of MACAULIFFE, DONALL O'M, FIONA MAC DONNELL, &c., &c. Literally Translated from the Irish, with Notes, by NICHOLAS KEARNEY.

18mo.; Cloth, extra, 35 cents.

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

Life and Labors of St. Vincent De Paul.

By HENRY BEDFORD.

A New, Complete and Careful Biography. Cloth, 63c; Cloth, gilt edges, 85c.

ALICE SHERWIN.

A Tale of the Times of Sir Thomas Moore.

Cloth, 75 cents; Gilt, \$1 21.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

By HENRY FOREST.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,
164 William street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVING'S BANK.

No. 51 Chambers Street.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of \$500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M. to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

Trustees:

JOSEPH STUART, President, 33 Nassau street.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President, 46 Warren street.
JOHN MC DONALD, 2d Vice-President, 136 Bowery.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer, 55 Liberty st.
LOUIS B. BINSE, Secretary, 33 Vesey street.

William Watson, John Nicholson, Andrew Carrigan, James Kerrigan, Hugh Kelly, Charles O'Connor, James Olwell, John P. Nesmith, John M. Sheehan, Edward W. Tiers, Charles M. Connolly, James Kelly, Daniel Devlin, Cornelius H. Sheehan, Edward Beyer.

PETER CERAN, Accountant.

JOHN MANNING, Comptroller.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

Office, No. 51 Chambers Street, New York.

IN consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ire and upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid, will have the same remitted.

There is the great advantage in purchasing the Society's drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by discount, and otherwise, are avoided.

Substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

ROBT. J. DILLON, Vice-President.

HUGH KELLY, Vice-President.

JOSEPH STUART, Recording Secretary.

EDWD. C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.

PETER CERAN, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby, Cornelius H. Sheehan,
William Watson, Charles M. Nanny,
John Manning, William Redmond,
Terence Donnelly, James Olwell,
John Nicholson, David Devlin,
Martin Waters, John McDonomy.

ENGRAVINGS & CATHOLIC GOODS.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform all the Book-sellers, Catholic Clergy, Colleges, Seminaries, &c., that he has removed his Store from 360 Broadway to 78 DEANE STREET, 5 doors East of Broadway, where he will constantly have on hand the largest assortment in the United States of the following articles, viz.:

ENGRAVINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS.

OF RELIGIOUS, FANCY AND HISTORICAL SUBJECTS;
DRAWING STUDIES OF FLOWERS, FIGURES, ORN-
AMENTS, LANDSCAPES, ARCHITECTURE, ETC.,
ETC. SMALL LITHOGRAPHS, AND FANCY
PAPER FOR BOX-BOX MANUFACTURE.

TERRELL.

Maps, Drawing Paper, French Prayer Books, Sta-
tionery, Fancy Goods, &c., &c. Cord and
Picture Tassels, &c., &c., &c.

Mouldings of every description. Plain and Ornamented
Frames. French Glass by the box only.

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.

Bronze, Silver and Gold Medals, Crosses, &c., &c. Ivory
Brazes, Gutta Percha Crucifixes, &c., &c. Wood,
Cocoa, Cornelian, Pearl and Garnet Ros-
aries; Statues; Holy Water Fountains;
Medallions; &c., &c. Church
Vestments, Incense, &c., &c.

All Orders for Importation from France will be
promptly attended to.

Orders respectfully solicited.

Prices low and a liberal discount to the Trade.

J. TURGIS,

No. 20 New York.

WESTERN LAND AGENCY,

MINNESOTA TERRITORY.

CHAS. M. BOYLE,

Dealer in Real Estate and General Land
Agent,

Saint Paul, M. T.,

Will Buy and Sell Land, Locate Land Warrants,
Enter Government Lands, Collect Pay Taxes,
and attend to all business appertaining to his profession.
Particular attention paid to furnishing information to
Catholic Settlers. jan17

Catholic Library and Reading Room,

839 BROADWAY.

Open daily (Sundays excepted) for Ladies, exclusi-
vely, from 10 to 4 P. M.; for Gentlemen from 4 to 10 P. M.
Annual Subscription One Dollar. Life membership,
Twenty-five Dollars.

M. T. COZANS, President.

Wm. T. Bogie, Recording Secretary. jan6

AUCTION AND COMMISSION STORE.

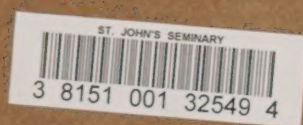
MICHAEL KERRIGAN'S AUCTION AND
COMMISSION STORE, No. 161 CHATHAM ST.

Auction Sales of New and Second Hand Clothing at
every day from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.

UPPER DOORS, of all descriptions, most respectfully
solicited; the strictest attention paid, and quick and
prompt payments and returns made. my30 if

REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, IRELAND AND
SCOTLAND.—Sterling Bills from £1—a d pay-
able on demand on Messrs. PRESOTT, GRIE & CO.,
Bankers, London, and payable in any part of
the United Kingdom, for sale by

my16 PRIME & CO., 64 Wall street,



LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS. ✓

